JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 12, 1938

VOL. LXIII. 1652.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

WINTER ILLNESS AT ITS PEAK *but*—

She thought she caught cold on the street corner, but she was a sick woman before she left the hall. Lack of sunshine, worry and overwork . . . 'The danger weeks' had lowered her resistance . . . There was nothing to stop the germs . . .

WINCARNIS BUILDS AND RE-BUILDS RESISTANCE

Danger—You are more likely to be ill in these next few weeks than at any other time of the year! These are the *danger weeks!* Infections, colds, 'flu, bronchitis, pneumonia, are taking their heaviest toll now. Germs, ever present, find your resistance lowered, your defences down. You must be *extra* careful till Spring!

Are you ready? Is *your* resistance at full strength? Are you doing anything to counteract the lack of sunshine, lack of fresh vegetable diet, lack of summer vitamins? You need *extra* care—*extra* health to see you safely through winter's worst danger weeks. You need Wincarnis, the tonic wine with active sunshine vitamins in it. Millions know Wincarnis as the finest after-'flu pick-me-up in the world. Grateful millions are finding it equally good in warding off 'flu in the dangerous weeks. Ask your doctor!

GETTING BETTER

Yes—but these are days of DOUBLE DANGER!

Her strength is returning. But her defences are down. New germs will attack if she gives them a chance. But there's no fear of complications now! She's got Wincarnis! Rich, red Wincarnis. New blood for old, new health, new strength, complete recovery!

Here's someone who hasn't spent a day in bed for seven years! Her doctor advised Wincarnis after an illness in 1930 and she's been taking it every winter since.

DOUBLE DANGER of CONVALESCENCE

Have the 'danger weeks' made you one of their victims? Are you recovering from illness now? If so, take care! You are in **double danger!** 'Take it easy and have a good tonic.' How many doctors say that? Take it easy and have—Wincarnis! If you let new germs attack in your weakened state, that's when complications start—bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia! Wincarnis would have strengthened you against that illness. Now let it build you back safely to great good health!

TAKE CARE TAKE WINCARNIS

The wine of **NEW** *Life!*

3/3 *or Champagne-quart size* 5/6

BARRIE

ASBESTOS GARAGES FROM 6/6

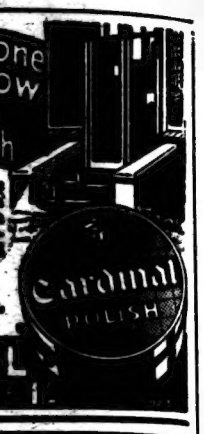
	L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pm.
DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND OR WALES	8	6	97/6	4/6	9/10
RAIL OR LORRY	10	7	132/6	8/-	12/-
Send for copy of 1938	12	7	140/6	9/-	12/11
Art Catalogue FREE	14	8	182/6	12/6	16/5
and Post Free.	16	8	207/6	18/-	18/7

ROBERT BARRIE & CO
Dept. B, 9 PRINCESS STREET, MANCHESTER 2. Tel. [illegible]

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

Give your Stone Steps Window sills etc. this Rainproof finish



It is so easy to give the appearance of your floors a dazzling white finish with White Cardinal Polish. It gives a lasting gloss that will not wash off in the rain.

Of All Dealers

Also in Cream, Red, Green, Buff and Transparent.

CARDINAL POLISH 6 1

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE

Special to "John Bull" readers. Mail Handsome Val. over 6 cwt. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 66 x 90. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket 54 x 75. 2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 52 x 76. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 60x70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52, coloured border, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, Centre design edged Art-Silk Embroidery. 60 x 90. 1 Elegant Embossed Electric Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins., 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall. 2 White Pillow Cases, Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 30 x 18.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

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20/- Complete Bale. Carriage paid. Cash or C.O.D.

FREE

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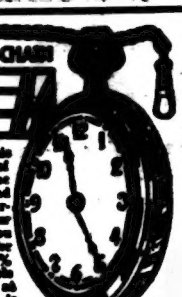

There is no "catch" in it. This watch is a genuine Hardgraved John Lewis Watch in Chrome Case, warranted 3 years, and Case complete with silver-plated pocket-chain. Our reputation will convince you that this is a genuine offer to purchasers over 100%. Hardened "Micro-Lite" 3-hole type double-edged Razor Blades at 1/- for 12. All you have to do is to buy 3 packets for 3/- (post, etc., 6d.). If not equal to any 4/- blade obtainable—keep the watch and chain, return the blades, and money will be refunded. Send P.O. for 3/6. Nothing more to pay.

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3rd Floor. Next door Tottenham Court Road Tube.

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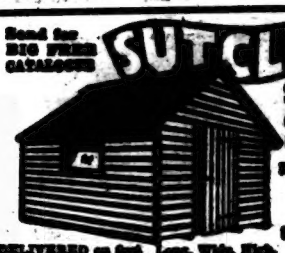

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7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£3 15 0	5/6
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Excellent Commencing Pay.

NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

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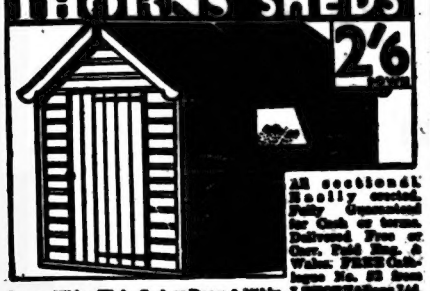

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All sectional. Really practical. Easily Constructed for Cash or terms. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid Eng. & Wales. FREE Catalogue No. 38 from J. THORN & Sons Ltd. Glen Sq. Hampden Road, Hinckley, Kent. Tel. Bexleyheath 2222

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7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	32/6	6/-
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that will solve Your Holiday Problem

SPEND your Holidays the Polytechnic way! Fill in the coupon in the POLYTECHNIC Touring Association's announcement on page 29 for free copies of their 1938 programmes, offering suggestions for attractive holidays at special prices. You have a choice of any or all of these free booklets which are filled with ideas—suggestions for holidays abroad, at home, or cruising. You simply should have this information. No holiday will be complete without it. Turn to page 29 now and fill in the coupon, crossing out any of the booklets not required.

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L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pm.
4	3	22/-	2/-	2/3
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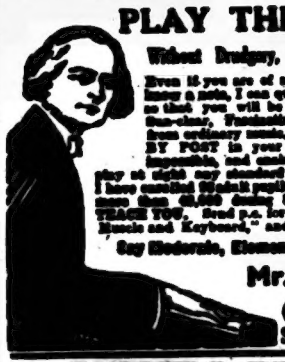
GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/- DOWN

Send for copy of 1938 Art Cat. FREE and post free.

GEORGE SCOTT & CO., Dept. E, THANET HOUSE, 231 STRAND, W.C.2. (opposite Law Courts) Cen. 2806

I'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY THE PIANO



Without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure.

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Any Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

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Lgth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pm.
10	7	8	£9/11/-	6/-	15/6
12	8	8	£11/15/-	6/-	18/6
14	8	8	£13/ 0/-	10/-	21/6

Send for catalogues "S" for Sheds, "G" for Garages, "H" for Greenhouses, "P" for Poultry Houses. Order now.

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SPECIAL SPRING REDUCTIONS

All sectional Unshiplap Framing, average 2 x 2½ & 2½ x 2½. Glass cut to size. Glazing pins supplied. Strong hinged door with Lock and Key. Curzon Steel-braced. Vents open on Casements. Felt, Lined all Putty, and Staging included. Free Delivery.

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10	6½	7	£5 15 0	9/6	9/10

Send for catalogues "S" for Sheds, "G" for Garages, "H" for Greenhouses, "P" for Poultry Houses. Order now.

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ATTRACTIVE INSURANCE

Make Certain of Your family's future

Particulars of the Heritage Endowment and Life Policies, specially designed to meet everyone's needs, will be sent to readers who fill in and post the coupon in the special announcement on page 28. Make certain of your family's future and your own—it can be done easily and safely—by getting, without any obligation, full details of the Heritage Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. Fill in and post the Coupon Now—You may never regret it.

A CYCLE & DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIER, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

Do You Lack Pep or Suffer with Nerve Trouble —then send for this FREE BOOKLET!

A WONDERFUL booklet for all who are run-down, lack pep, and suffer from nerve and indigestion troubles. Turn to the HEDOPATH advert. on page 28 and fill in the coupon for the booklet and the vital medical information it contains. HEDOPATH is a new discovery, the natural way to health and strength. Under guarantee, you can try a bottle, and if after twelve taken the contents in accordance with directions you should derive no benefit, your money will be returned in full. Take the first step and send for the free booklet and find out how to improve your health, circulation and bridal up your tissues to make you fit and keep you fit.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 270, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 35.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 35. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, February 25th, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Jacquard" Guaranteed REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dancing, Dining and Bedroom, etc. Immediately handed in 20 Trendy patterns and Fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Regent Queen and unsolicited testimonials. With every special offer we absolutely give away a hearthrug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Booklet of Carpets, Rugs, etc., post free.

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Bird bows and exhibits the time every quarter of an hour with clear voice. Ornamental case carved in woodland design. Solid Brass, hayless escapement with adjustable pendulum. Giving accuracy for years without attention. Complete with chain, weight, pendulum, etc., ready to hang on wall for long service. Limited number only at 6/11, post and packing 1/-.

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Avoid disappointment by sending P.O. 6/11 at once.

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Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights. 5/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table—a real billiard table, not a toy—carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly

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Write to-day for Art List

MODERN BABY-CLOTHES

A BEAUTIFUL 75 GARMENT LAYETTE (worth £3), designed by a mother who has studied Baby Welfare for the past 12 years. EVERYTHING COMPLETE AND READY FOR WEAR. Dainty Emb. Gowns and latest Woollies (Summer or Winter Wear), BAY FROCKS, SHRIG, ROBE OR WOOL SET, WINCEY OR LAWN NIGHTIES, SHRIG, SHAWL, WOOL VESTS, BODY SUITS, COATS, BOOTEES, OVERALLS, PILCHES, BACK FLANNELS, GAUZE OR TURK NAPKINS, Etc., Etc. Another purchaser writes: "I am proud of your Layette, the garments are very much better than any clothes other mothers have in the Nursing Home."

30/-

SEND 2/- for Parcel on Approval. Guaranteed by Return Post. Bal. Cash or Terms Etc.—I. E. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE. Try the marvellous new model Amplivox. NO OTHER FAULT—NO RENEWALS—PERFECT HEARING. 7th right inside the ear. Complete in themselves. Wonderful Power. Price only £1 1s. per pair, as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0. The greatest offer ever made to the deaf.

NOTE THE SIZE IT'S NEW

NOTE THE PRICE 21/- as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0.

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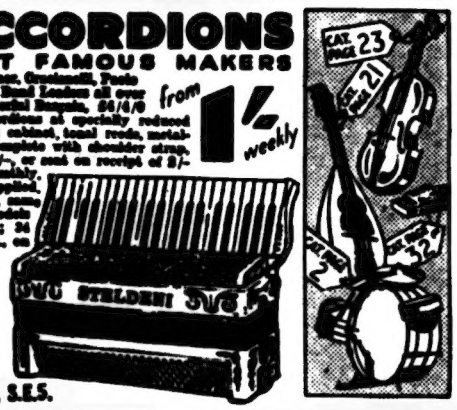
BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS



Bontelli, Soldani, Victoria, Pancelli, Soprani, Crotonelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain, 24/48 BASS, FOR 48/-. Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. By STELDENI. Piano-finished cabinet, tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder straps, 21 piano keys, 3 basses. Cash price 48/-, or sent on receipt of 5/- First Instalment. Balance payable 4/- mthly. until 48/- paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 58/6, same terms. Write for fully illus. list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass, etc., on equally attractive terms. The remarkable Low Terms for Hire. Payments secure immediate possession of these fine instruments. Write for fully illus. List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments, post free.

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£2-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

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Discount for dozen lots.

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TRADE SUPPLIED.

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"—as often as not it's £3, £4, or £5 and more—and for just a few minutes' spare time each week. You should organise a "Worldwide" Club. It's the happiest hobby ever thought of and so easy, you can't fail to make a success of it. Nothing complicated to learn. No canvassing or selling to do. Most important of all, you don't need any capital or experience. You can start right away."

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J.B. 124. Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.

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Part Post pd. extra.

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3 WAY BED SETTEE

LOUNGE SETTEE or FULL LENGTH BED

37/-

Patent Spring Seat. Solid Oak Frame. Tapered Legs. 2 Velvet Cord Cushions. Loose Kapok Mattress in Striped Ticking.

AS A BED

Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue of Wonderful Bargains in Lounge Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

Cheques, Registered Letters or Cheques P.O.s to NORTH ROAD DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

SALE PRICE 9/6

WRIST WATCH GOLD PLATED WARRANTED 10 YEARS

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch at only 9/6, post 6d. Dainty dial and neat on wrist, immaculate dial, with shockproof lever movement and recoil spring to prevent overwinding. Timed to a minute. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate dispatch.

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7/9 POST 1/-

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Flight Lieutenant THREE-IN-ONE HEAVY FLEECE LINED Proofed COATS

ANNUAL STOCKTAKING SALE

These coats are the balance of an enormous order—small quantity more than were actually required. Cut military pattern with full belt. Prussian storm collar. Fawn coloured storm-proof material with heavy fleece lining. Adjustable sleeve band to keep out wind. Suitable for Flying, Motoring or Town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out cold in the coming winter. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurements 34 to 44. Cost much more to make than clearance price of 7/9, post and packing 1/-. Proofing guaranteed two years. Limited stock. Don't delay.

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And here are just a few of the many absorbing phases of Life and Nature which are revealed in this book. Woman's strange ancestors . . . Secret force that conquered the world . . . How man and woman grew up together . . . Wonders of your body . . . In search of the Perfect Man . . . Miracle of birth . . . Mysteries of Animal Mating . . . What a story!

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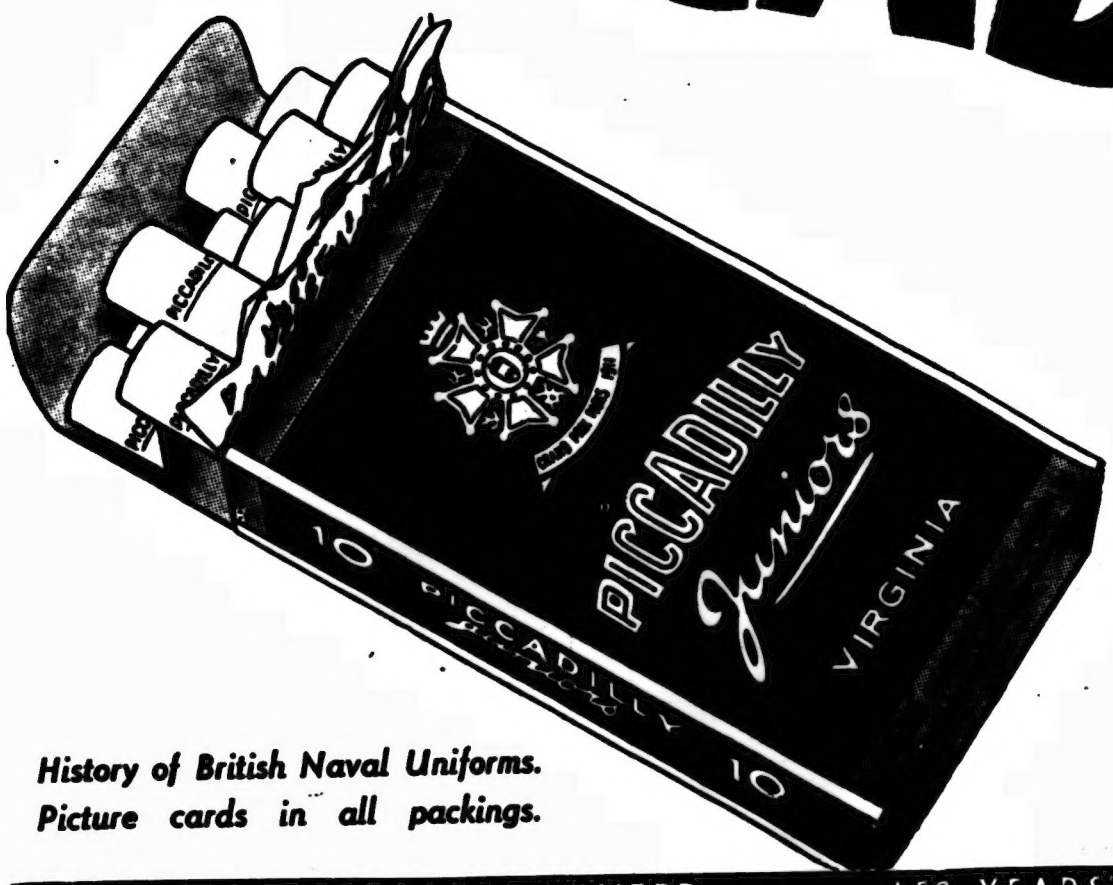

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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 12, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Our Big Food Price Mystery
Kill this Lie about R.A.F. Dead
Tyrant Caned her Maid

HERE'S something that will make your mouth water.

Ships arriving at British ports are bringing us all the bounties of the world at pretty well pre-war prices.

Foods are just 9 per cent. dearer than pre-war, imports as a whole 8 per cent. dearer. That's official.

But don't rush. That's not what you'll be asked to pay.

Yours but to Pay

Ministry of Labour's index of retail prices shows that you are paying not 9 per cent. more, but 39 per cent. more for those imported foods.

You are paying not 8 per cent. more, but 53 per cent. more, for those bounties of the world as a whole.

Why? Ask a Government that pretends you've got no right to grumble about retail prices.

Blame Middle-men

But don't take the easy course and blame the retailers.

War between the multiple shops is such that they lose on many of your orders. As for the little "family" shopkeeper, who lacks their buying facilities—well, his life is often one continual nightmare.

Too many people intervene between the docks and your shopkeeper. The Government itself, in these tariff days, is one of the worst offenders.

Baulking the Buyer

Anyhow, there it is. You pay through the nose.

The man who lives round the corner is worse off. He hasn't got a job.

For the foreigner, you see, can't buy the goods that man ought to be making.

How can he buy from us, when he gets only £108 for goods he could have sold here for £100 before the war, and then has to pay £142 for United Kingdom goods that would have cost him £100 in 1913?

Arms and the Bill

And there is a feeling among M.P.s that you are being badly "stung" in another direction.

Over rearmament.

That's why they intend to press for a week's debate on the Defence estimates, to be introduced this month, and which will total about £350,000,000—an increase of £70,000,000 over last year.

Profiteers Again

Those M.P.s are going to press the Government about profiteering.

Oh, we know all about that understanding that firms engaged on rearmament shall receive a strictly defined profit.

But nothing is laid down as to prices of raw materials, and it is alleged that some firms set up subsidiary companies from which they buy those raw materials at exorbitant prices.

Government accountants investigate the costs and profits of armament firms.

What is wanted now, it is argued, is a Royal Commission to investigate their ramifications. And there are "powerful interests"—ahem!—to oppose that tooth and nail.

Strange Moralists

There are some curious moralists in the House, judging by a suggestion that has gone forth from Ministerial circles.

It is to the effect that guilty parties in divorce suits are not desirable parliamentary candidates for Government seats.

This, although the law recognises divorce, and that most well-meaning people are dead against any perpetuation of cat-and-dog unions.

Outlaw Gretna

Let the House exercise its moral sense over this:

As soon as possible—probably round about Easter—Mr. Walter Elliot, Secretary for Scotland, is to introduce a Bill to end Gretna marriages.

It should be rushed through, for it is many years too late. And let us hope it eases the troubled minds of countless people who don't know whether their Gretna "marriages" are legal or not.

"All Quiet" at Epsom

On the question of legality, Epsom Grand Stand Association owns Epsom Grand Stand.

But it doesn't own the Derby any more than it owns the Lord Mayor's Show. Yet it has decided that Britain's biggest sporting event shall not be televised.

And that's rank impertinence.

R.A.F. Slander

Another impertinence is a suggestion that young R.A.F. pilots are too apt to desert their machines and take to parachutes.

And it's a diabolical lie, too. Ask the colleagues of seventeen of those lads killed during January.

Damn the cost of the machines, say we!

Show Your Badge

In view of the £300 damages awarded against two police constables to a man who honestly took them to be touts when they approached him, British police chiefs are considering a spectacular change.

The British warrant card, a cross between a night-club card and a season-ticket, may be replaced with a badge such as is worn by American plain-clothes men.

You don't have to fumble for a badge. What's more, it looks authoritative. Yet again it isn't as easy to imitate as a warrant card.

Hospital for Crooks

Criminals now have their own hospital in London, opened this week by the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency.

"More pampering" will be one criticism. Yet people who have never done a wrong thing, but have to fight terrible impulses, have asked to become voluntary patients.

Not all wrongdoing is deliberate badness, as the treat-'em-rough boys believe.

Fire-engine was Lost

There was a big mill fire near Burnley, Lancs, the other day.

Padiham fire-brigade set off in fine style. Firemen left behind got into a coal lorry, collected policemen—and got there before the fire-engine.

The firemen were splendid. But, knowing what queer old appliances our brigades often have to use, and will apparently have to continue using until the fire-fighting services are unified, we are wondering about the engine.

Schools for Mistresses

Essex women are to press on the Government this week the need of training centres for domestic servants.

We have no fault to find with that at all.

Except to wonder: "What about a few training centres for mistresses," about some of whom Miss Ellen Smith, a London maid, writes on pages 22 and 23, where she reveals the real reasons for the shortage of domestic labour.

Woman Monster

Kilburn Times publishes a letter from a mistress whose maid denied stealing but "confessed" when threatened with the police! The wretched girl had choice of arrest or a thrashing on bare flesh.

"I sent her out for a new cane, instructing her to get a good, strong, thick one, and she returned with a lovely specimen, at least three feet long and very thick.

"I took her upstairs and gave her a dozen hard cuts . . . and I am amazed in the change in her."

And this monstrous woman is *proud* of that!

Kitchen Horrors

That thrashing was six months ago.

"Only twice since then have I had to use the cane," is the triumphant climax of that mistress.

Yes, if we did but know some of the horrors of the servants' kitchen we would want training schools for mistresses as well.

Save Our Nurses

And speaking of horrors, for years we have been describing the terrible conditions under which so many of our nurses have to live.

Now come the disclosures about Manchester municipal hospitals—nurses four in a room, climbing down fire-escapes for a bath, enduring "disgusting, shocking, insanitary, antediluvian conditions."

If Florence Nightingale lived to-day she would be fighting for the nurses.

Loosening the Purse

Here is something brighter. The Elder Brethren of Trinity House—people who administer the lightship and lighthouse service—have got a new yacht.

"Gives the impression of a millionaire's yacht" is a description of it.

The Board of Trade, which holds the purse of the service, seems to have loosened the strings a bit.

Pity these Men

While the purse is open the Board might do something for the lightship men.

We have already exposed features of their dangerous and unhealthy calling—bad pay, little promotion, ill-health because of cramped conditions and often the lack of sufficient fresh food.

Picture them wallowing about in giant seas at danger-points of the ocean—sometimes in lightships almost as obsolete as Nelson's *Victory*.

Mussolini Defied

Mussolini once had a film made of Italians massacring defenceless Ethiopians.

He commanded that it should be shown in Britain.

Then, realising it would be a bad advertisement, he ordered that it shouldn't be released here.

But he didn't reckon with Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

She has arranged for it to run at the Phœnix Theatre, London, on Tuesday afternoon next, at no profit to anybody except humanity.

Fair-weather Driver

Which reminds us that a reader's car-driving test was postponed the other day on the grounds that weather conditions were bad for driving.

It has prompted him to ask us: "Will I be restricted to safe roads, if I should pass? And shall I be expected to go out only in fine weather?"

We understand some hundreds of examiners decided not to test "L" drivers that day—a day of wild weather. This disproves the idea that examiners make no effort to be fair.

Your Watchdog Barks!

House-to-house tout offers cheque for old gold. Cheques worthless.

* * *

Tradesmen paying for one year's advt. in directory later find they have signed for three years. Read all forms before you sign!

* * *

Some wireless shops engage girls as outside saleswomen; small salary and commission. After fortnight's work, girls dismissed without commission.

* * *

Householders, beware! Man and woman inspect rooms to let, spy out the land, return later with estate agents' keys to rifle the house.

* * *

Girl calls on country people, says they have won £6 for using certain soap, but they must first deposit 35s. Some have given her their old age pension, seen nothing more of her.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A BREAD roundsman took some loaves into his own house; was reported by anonymous letter to his employer, who soon found he had duly paid for them.

A transport concern got an anonymous letter saying, "Thank Conductor No. ——, licence number ——, registration number ——, for a free ride."

What manner of people write such letters?—R. A. Northcott, 10, Bradley Road, Mutley, Plymouth.

Sometimes people with inferiority complexes, when they get a sense of power from causing mischief. Sometimes jealous people. At times, people with a distorted sense of self-righteousness.

These Pips

A friend who has to get Greenwich time signals as part of his job alleges that the B.B.C. time "pips" were nearly a minute and a half late one day last week. Perhaps the B.B.C. itself doesn't know it has been caught napping.—T. S. A. Connolly, 38, Westwood Road, Birmingham, 6.

But it wasn't caught napping. These pips come automatically from Greenwich's master clock. And, although you will see many "wrong" clocks at Greenwich, they are under test so that their degree of inaccuracy can be established. That master clock cannot go wrong.

Protecting Them

What hypocrisy that we punish a man with a savage sentence of imprisonment if his suicide attempt fails, but make every excuse for the state of his mind if it succeeds.—William H. Johnston, 34, Roxburgh Street, Newtownards Road, Belfast.

Although attempted self-murder is a crime against society, the day has gone when it was punished with imprisonment. Prison sentences are still inflicted—but they are to protect a person against his or her self.

About Noses

I have been a gardener for thirty years, but I have never been able to smell a flower. But a lack of a sense of smell seems to have this advantage—I get greater joy than most people out of the feel of petals.—J. Martin, Harestone Hill, Caterham, Surrey.

One of leading British scent blenders, who can distinguish from medley of smells wafted over garden wall exactly what blooms are growing on other side, hates flowers.

Inexplicable

Mother has been stone deaf for years—hasn't heard a word till the other day.

Then, while she was down the garden, she distinctly heard the shout "Grannie!" and ran in to find her little two-year-old grand-daughter had put a celluloid cycle pump in the fire and had set fire to her frock.

Hearing that shout, grannie was able to save the baby's life.—L. J. Gibson, 189, Littleton Road, Lr. Kersal, Salford 7.

Science knows those things happen, but can't explain them satisfactorily.

H.M.S. "Noah"

I was taught at school that King Alfred of cakes fame founded the British Navy. Did he?

It is hard to believe so, seeing that there has never been an H.M.S. *King Alfred* in naval history.—J. Stainton, 155, Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.

Deciding to meet invading Danes on their own element, the sea, King Alfred certainly created first British fleet: Defeated Danish fleet by diverting River Lea and leaving enemy ships high and dry. But Admiralty says there have been H.M.S. "King Alfreds"—"Isn't one to-day, just as there isn't an H.M.S. 'Noah.'"

Stoop to Conquer

May I, a woman of eighty-four, tell the young ones that there's no better way of checking a cold than by stooping to untie both shoe-laces and then doing them up again?

I dare say they'll laugh. But it has kept me free for more years than I care

to remember.—Mrs. T. Williams, 160, Seymour Street, Euston, London.

Comments a doctor: "£200,000 has been spent in research seeking a cure for the common cold. Still, as a believer in auto-suggestion, I would be the last to talk people out of little fads they have implicit faith in."

Tame these Shrews

Out shopping, I met a dear friend who was expecting the stork for the first time. She was in great fear and distress, so-called married "friends" having taken a gossip's delight in "enlightening" her—with suitable exaggerations.

Sooner the old ducking-stools are brought out again the better.—Mrs. H., Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire.

Commented London Hospital matron grimly: "I would like to do the ducking. Often these gossips cause the troubles they describe with such relish. It is half the battle for doctor and nurses when they have a patient who has been convinced by good friends that what she has ahead of her is a perfectly normal experience."

New Road Menace

For twenty-one years I have driven transport vehicles without accident or conviction. But the revival of street roller-skating makes me wonder how long I can keep it up.

My good brakes alone saved a little boy, who shot right under my wheels the other day. Four days later I saw an even closer escape in Manchester.—F. Winterbottom, 20, Welburn Street, Deeplish, Rochdale.

We have received not dozens, but hundreds of such letters. Motoring and cycling associations are deluged with similar complaints from members. Natural desire of children to emulate their ice-hockey heroes on cheap roller-skates new reason why school playgrounds should be kept open, more open spaces preserved for children.

His Little Joke

Called out of a side-street by a man who gave the "All-Clear" signal, I have just crashed my car head-on into a tramcar.

I scrambled from the wreckage, to find the amateur traffic controller was a hopeless mental defective who was laughing at what he thought a "good job." May other road users take warning from my misfortune.—John C. Findlay, 27, Dalmarnock Road, Rutherglen.

Various motoring associations often hear of such cases, emphasise the danger of obeying anybody but a man wearing a uniform you recognise.

Walking Newspaper

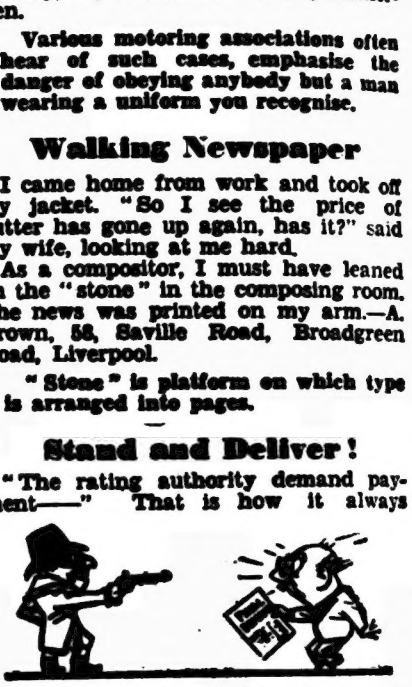
I came home from work and took off my jacket. "So I see the price of butter has gone up again, has it?" said my wife, looking at me hard.

As a compositor, I must have leaned on the "stone" in the composing room. The news was printed on my arm.—A. Brown, 58, Saville Road, Broadgreen Road, Liverpool.

"Stone" is platform on which type is arranged into pages.

Stand and Deliver!

"The rating authority demand payment——" That is how it always



begins. "Final Demand." That is how it always ends.

Officialdom apparently doesn't know there are politer words like "request" in the English language. Or don't mere ratepayers merit politeness?—W. Newby, 13, Grove Terrace, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

Officialdom has one answer to all such complaints: "Our duty is to collect the moneys due to the ratepayers (or taxpayers)." Whenever ratepayers are bullied or browbeaten, it is always on behalf of the ratepayers!

Next, Please!

Two hobbies are booming among young men round here—miniature rifle shooting and model aeroplane flying.

Why not clubs to combine the two, the firing being done at the model aeroplanes? The young men of Britain would then grow up proficient at anti-aircraft work, a purely defensive section of our Fighting Services which everybody will want to see made more and more effective.—James D. Sharp, Sunnypark, Kinross.

Accurate gunnery depends not on pointing a gun at a target, but observing where the last shell burst in relation to the target—and miniature rifles don't fire shells. Rifle practice doesn't teach the anti-aircraft gunner a thing.

Our Readers Smile

—And then tell you what happened in their own words and drawings

● "Scotland," I said, in answer to the Aachen (German) official who asked me at the frontier what country I came from. "Ah, England," he replied.

"Schottland," I yelled. "Ya, England," he answered. "Nein, nein, SCOTLAND. I am a Scotsman." "England," he answered again, bleakly.

"Grosse Brittanien, then," was my final effort. "England," he said, writing it down.—Jack Ritchie, 206, Watt Street, Glasgow.

● Through the pouring rain he came at 2.30 a.m., when I was going on night shift—a burly policeman

riding the horse he had found straying on the highway.

"Tally ho! Seen the hounds, mate," he said, cascades pouring down his cheeks.—William James Billington, 672, Bordesley Green, Little Bromwich, Birmingham.

● I was just going to shave when I thought I heard my sister knock at the door—so I went to answer it without bothering about appearance, and with my razor open in my hand.

For one second a flower-seller stood rooted with horror to the spot. Then, picking up her tattered skirt, she beat all Olympic Games records in her mad race to and around the nearest corner.—W. Reason, 94, Charlbury Crescent, Yardley, Birmingham.

● I saw her in the main street here just as I have depicted her—a silk stocking on her head with the foot draped over her shoulder in what she no doubt thought was an ultra-smart effect.—James M'Intyre, Salsbury Place, Hurlford, Ayrshire.

● My aunt sent her daughter to borrow an egg next door, and the child returned to say the neighbour hadn't got one.

Noting a rather frightened look on the child's face, my aunt's next question was: "What did she actually say?"

"Mind and don't drop it," said the little girl.—George Powell, East View, Highfield Road, Swadlincote.

When . . .

are you going to contribute to this page? 10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. for a photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

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And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

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If I had my say . . .

Right not Might must Rule

Douglas Jerrold, noted controversialist, believes that Justice is the best defence Britain can give the world against war.

"If we stand for Christianity and freedom," he declares, "we must not shake hands with their enemies."

by Douglas Jerrold

WE were once warned by Rudyard Kipling that our power and dominion were in danger, and that, unless we called on God to guard, we could guard nothing.

That was forty years ago, and he lived to see the fulfilment of his prophecy.

To-day the whole world is in revolt against the conception of ordered justice—Britain's greatest contribution to the nineteenth century, when, as a nation, we set ourselves to conquer not territory, but minds.

We ourselves, who seemed to superficial eyes to be at the apex of our power a bare twenty years ago, are now shaking in our shoes at the sight of a few old guns at Algeciras.

Some, it is true, believe that a great war may yet be avoided. They point out we are rearming for defence. We ask nothing from anyone, have no vulgar territorial ambitions, and wish to interfere with no one.

To people who talk like this, I say: "Use your eyes. Look out on the world and see." The world war has already begun. The forces of disorder and of revolution are already engaged.

☆ For the first time for five centuries religious persecution is the rule rather than the exception. More men and women have died in Europe for the Christian faith since 1917 than in any other twenty years since the birth of Christ.

Political liberty has almost ceased to exist. Assassination is to-day part of the political routine of Europe and Asia.

In our own sphere of influence the plague is as rampant as elsewhere. Neither force nor conciliation has brought peace to India. We live at the point of the revolver in Palestine. One military coup succeeds another in Iraq.

What do our fellow-countrymen feel when they note these things? My answer is: They feel nothing because they see nothing.

They comfort themselves with the illusion that the world unrest is no responsibility of theirs, and that someone or something will, in the last resort, protect them against it. Someone or something—President Roosevelt or the League of Nations!

We are so good, they repeat, so virtuous, so unambitious, that we shall surely be left in peace, and if we are attacked—why, powerful allies will rush to our aid.

In that hope, we have become prudent. We take no sides in the controversies between red shirts and black, between Christians and their persecutors, between revolutionaries and their victims.

☆ **As long as people will come to our conferences we do not mind who they are or what they have done. If they have blood on their hands, they need not trouble even to wash it off before they sit down at our table.**

Moreover, we have our new Navy, our rejuvenated Army, our efficient Air Force.

Here, at any rate, say our worldly wise ones, is our sure shield. Armaments count.

"Mr. Smith, I believe?" said a stranger to the great Duke of Wellington, as he slapped him on the back at a reception.

"Sir," replied the Duke, "a man who could believe that will believe anything."

That is the only appropriate rejoinder to those who have lived through the last twenty-five years and yet continue to think that armaments can preserve peace.

The world's black catastrophe in this new age of ours is due neither to armaments nor to the lack of them, neither to the strength nor the weakness of the League, neither to intervention nor non-intervention.

It is solely due to the adoption of the principles of materialism in place of the principles of Christianity.

God is man's supreme political necessity. The vast armoury of materialism has no single weapon which can defend an unjust treaty.

In the name of democracy and self-determination we imposed the Versailles Treaty at the point of the bayonet, and under the active threat of starvation to the women and children of Germany.

Then we proceeded to break the one clause of the Treaty which might have worked favourably towards our ex-enemies—the clause which provided for the progressive disarmament of the Allies.

No free men, and Englishmen least of all, will fight to defend injustice. Our enemies, as well as our friends, knew this.

Yet the destruction of the Versailles Treaty was a breach of the public law of Europe, and the public law, therefore, fell into disrepute.

But not the law alone. The new order was based not only on the Peace Treaties, but on the Covenant of the League of Nations, which declared all nations equal in the councils of the world.

It was at one time proposed that, as a condition of such equality of rights, there should be some equality in the assumption of the responsibilities of civilised government.

This proposal was rejected. There was no crime against its subjects so vile as to disentitle a Government to membership of the League.

The slave-owning and slave-trading States of Abyssinia and Liberia, the persecuting States—Russia, Mexico and Spain—the bandit-ridden anarchy of China, and the atheist dictatorship of Turkey—were all welcomed at Geneva.

Recently, and in succession, the representatives of three Governments engaged in the active persecution of Christianity presided over the deliberations of Geneva.

By so ordering her affairs, Europe declared to the post-war world her public indifference not only to law but to morality and the principles of Christianity.

If our much-vaunted democracy involves this tolerance of evil, injustice and persecution, it will perish and will deserve to perish.

☆ Our public policy has got to be brought into line with the private dispositions of this still Christian and liberal-minded country. The British people, armed with a good cause, fortified by a good conscience, will still be the greatest of the world Powers.

With a bad case, an uneasy conscience and a divided allegiance—for, although we are loyal to our Government, we are still loyal to the Christian ideal—we shall, at no distant date, be one with Nineveh and Tyre.

We have to work with courage and determination for an alliance with the Christian Powers of Western Europe, heirs to our common European civilisation.

Against the torches of the Church-burners must be set the pious industry of Church-builders and the champions of peace and order against anarchy and persecution.

Eastern Europe and Asia must be shown that the Christian civilisation of the West still lives, and is still confident of its destiny.

☆ Only such confidence and such vitality can give power to our armaments, and so provide a real bulwark against rapine and revolution.

Above all, we have got to put an end to the policy of concealing the crimes of others to cover up our own infidelity.

Murder *is* murder, slavery *is* slavery, and persecution *is* an iniquity crying to heaven for vengeance.

We cannot salve our consciences by abusing the peccadilloes of our political opponents while shutting our eyes to the monstrous crimes of those Powers which are lending us a disingenuous and unreliable measure of political support.

If we stand for the Christian conception of life and government, we must not shake hands with its enemies. If we stand for freedom, we must be as intolerant of the persecution of our political enemies as of our political friends. If we stand for justice among men, we must not condone slavery.

You cannot build a strong foreign policy on a lie. You are selling your soul and getting nothing in return.

That is the way not only to perdition but to political extinction.

I Confess!-

"John Bull," Firth's just and relentless enemy, which helped in his downfall and punishment, was chosen by him as a medium for confession because he felt that through its columns he could warn all sections of the public. "I will write the whole truth about share-pushing, warning your readers as never before," was the undertaking he gave to the Editor

1—MY DEBUT AS A CITY SHARK

FOR many years I have pitted my brains against the law. I have taken many thousands of pounds from members of the public by "share-pushing." I know all the tricks of that discreditable trade.

Now—and I say it with all sincerity—I want to make amends so far as lies in my power. I mean to confess fully.

My confession is primarily intended to put people on their guard, to save them losing their good money in schemes which I know only too well are daylight robbery in disguise.

Soon—as a result of the Bodkin Committee—a Bill to curb share-pushing will be introduced into Parliament. Time must elapse before that Bill becomes law.

During the interval there will be new attempts at financial jugglery. Many crooks are still at liberty, and are looking for their last harvest.

Besides, no matter what restrictions are imposed by Parliament, there will be small loopholes in the law. The old methods of the share-pusher may be stopped, but cunning minds will devise fresh traps. I mean to save the public from these crooks.

* * *

I am a comparatively young man—thirty-eight is my age. There are, I am sure, many chances ahead for me. I can, and shall, use them, but honourably this time.

In the days when I was wealthy, I lived recklessly.

I had a £15,000 country estate, a £15,000 yacht, and a fleet of luxurious motor-cars. I owned and raced horses under Jockey Club and Pony Turf Club Rules. I walked the West End of London, my pockets bulging with bank notes.

Dinner parties which I gave were the last word in extravagance. Sometimes flowers for the table—brought from the South of France by aeroplane—cost £150.

On the other side of the picture, I am living in a showman's caravan, and working as a circus clown. There are periods when I am in prison—in Pentonville, Wandsworth, Parkhurst and Dartmoor.

But what I propose to write of first is my entry into the world of share-pushers.

My second prison sentence had just ended—six months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences given me at the Guildhall Court, London, and served in Pentonville.

A chance meeting in Cannon Street, London, was the beginning of a career which made me a very rich man—at the cost of my last remnants of self-respect.

The man who hailed me was notorious for his bucket-shop swindles. I knew it. In the past, when I was affluent and he was down, I had helped him.

Perhaps he remembered that when he called: "Hello, Jack, what are you doing now?"

I told him that I was pretty desperate, and he invited me to a saloon bar.

Here, over drinks, for which he paid, he promised to do what he could for me.

That afternoon the bucket-shop expert took me to an office in the City and introduced me to the directors of a financial company which had struck a bad patch. Bankruptcy and Chancery Court actions had been followed by a threat of criminal proceedings.

Their only hope of escape from serious trouble lay in a second company called the Kensington Trust, Ltd. I was asked if I thought I could save it.

I agreed to try on two conditions. These were that the existing directors of the Trust resigned immediately and I was given the chairmanship and complete control.

* * *

My terms were accepted eagerly. Within a few days of being discharged almost penniless from Pentonville, I was a managing director, empowered to take what steps I considered necessary to revive a failing concern.

The offices were comfortably furnished, with six telephone lines and a couple of typists. What interested me most was a well-kept card index in which the names of all previous investors in the company were filed. This was a real asset, alive with possibilities.

Now the Kensington Trust was a bucket-shop and share-pushing concern combined. Cleverly disguised to look like a genuine business, it preyed upon the investing public. All this I knew, and I did not draw back.

A bucket-shop, for the benefit of those to whom the title may be misleading, is a concern unaffiliated to any of the recognised Stock Exchanges which deal in stocks and shares.

My advice to all my readers is to avoid such concerns. Never have any dealings with a company which makes glowing promises on beautifully embossed notepaper without first finding out the standing of such a company.

If you want to deal in shares and do not know a reputable broker, write to the secretary of any Stock Exchange and ask for a list of brokers. Alternatively, submit to him any offers that have been made to you.

There is still another way of making sure—deal through your bank.

Had the dangers of indiscriminate dealing in stocks and shares been realised generally it would have been impossible for me to amass the fortune I did out of the Kensington Trust, and my conscience to-day would be less heavily burdened.

The public is too gullible, too easily impressed, and, in some cases, too greedy.

On taking over the Kensington Trust the first thing I did was to send for the bank passbook. My most urgent need was ready money. The credit was 10s. 6d.

One of the typists had to be dismissed. Finding wages for the remaining girl was going to be difficult enough.

* * *

An even bigger problem was the printer. He *had* to be kept sweet—no easy task with his bill of £50 still unpaid.

I went to see him, talked a lot about the reorganisation of the company and painted a glowing picture of the prospects once I got going.

"I know all about the £50 we owe you," I said. "Don't worry about that. You'll get that and a lot more before I have finished with this company."

So, in fact, he did, but the main point at the time was that he was satisfied by my assurances and agreed to go on printing.

Then I began dealing with the old clients whose addresses were avail-

"I told him I was desperate and he promised to do what he could for me . . ."

by a convicted share-pusher

able in the office. Nearly all were angry about unpaid dividends.

My job was to pacify them, and so to win their confidence that they would be prepared to invest more capital.

I was very careful in wording the letter I sent out. I struck a note of apology—which I tried to make sound genuine—and advanced my excuse—reorganisation of the company which had caused unavoidable delays in routine business.

Finally came the bait in the form of a very attractive offer. For every £5 invested with the company I guaranteed a dividend of 10s. 6d. at the end of six weeks, but stipulated that the actual investing of the money should be left to us. "Our knowledge of the markets was unsurpassed. . ." And so on.

Closing date for acceptance of this "unique offer" was a week ahead. That was about as long as I could wait.

* * *

I thought I had made a good job of the circular and was reasonably optimistic. But I was totally unprepared for the rapidity with which money began to roll in. Between the Friday and the following Wednesday no less than £1,100 was sent in amounts varying from £5 to £50.

I knew then that the Kensington Trust was going to prove a money-spinner, and I must confess I did not even stop to think of the hardship and heart-breaks which this campaign of robbery was bound to cause.

I wanted to be a big shot again. This was the only way I knew. Even the possible consequences to myself—a long term of imprisonment—left me undismayed.

There was a battle between the spendthrift and business sides of my nature. I was sorely tempted to take that £1,100 and spend it in one big fling in the West End, but if I had done so I should have gone broke in less than a week.

My business sense told me that such a course would be madness. Here was the biggest opportunity of my life if only I had the wit and the will to seize it.

Prudence won. I determined to live quietly, avoiding the West End and its money-melting haunts until the business was established.

Now that I had struck a gold mine I must dig deep, cutting out all sentiment, smothering conscience.

* * *

I did dig deep. Greed was my god, money my idea of heaven.

My policy compelled me to use the £1,000, not as my dupes imagined as an investment in some high dividend-paying concern, but to supply more ammunition—circulars to be sent to thousands more prospective victims.

The yield was terrific, and I was able to take an expensive suite at a fashionable hotel. Jack Firth, not so long since a circus clown earning a few shillings a week, was once more in the big money.

Although I had started operations towards the end of August, by November I could have written a cheque for £20,000—and I had been spending money recklessly.

This was only a beginning. As things were going there seemed to be no limit to the fortune I could make.

When the dividends fell due at the end of the first six weeks they were paid scrupulously. What the poor subscribers did not know was that they were being paid out of their own capital.

Regular payment of dividends was essential to establish and maintain confidence. It encouraged those who had already invested to invest more, and as a result of word-of-mouth advertisement—the best in the world—their friends often wrote asking to be allowed to subscribe.

Prime essential of any fraudulent scheme is to convince your victims they are dealing with people of the highest integrity.

Little things help. It is surprising what an impression is made by the receipt of a circular printed on beautifully embossed notepaper.

I always did this, and found that the 50s. or so it cost to have a special plate made came back over and over again.

The personal touch is also important. I made a point of answering personally every letter I received, even though this meant working night and day and kept me at the office during the lunch hour.

As a young man I had owned a Rolls-Royce car. The Kensington Trust soon made it possible for me to buy another. It cost £2,700.

Most of the time I was too busy to use it, except for the short distance between the office and my hotel.

* * *

Whenever I have had money I have been always most lavish in my entertainments. I launched out now in a style which I had never attempted before. Nor was it all pure swank. There was some method in my madness. A man who spends money as I was spending it gets talked about, and to be talked about means publicity.

Many of the men who dined sumptuously at my table paid heavily for it—afterwards. They had no idea, of course, that there was anything crooked about the concern I was running, or that the money I was spending belonged to other people. They became investors and were caught in my net.

Next Week: I Hoodwink Parson and Dupe a Town

"Dinner parties which I gave were the last word in extravagance . . ."

No Loquacity—By Order

ACCUSED before Mr. Justice Bull of loquacity in a public place, Mr. A. G. Watson, of York, entered an indignant plea of "Not guilty" and glared at the prosecuting counsel.

But Mr. Watchdog, K.C., was unabashed. "The accused's kinship with a large number of unwanted social censors is only too clear," he began.

"When an unemployed man was charged at York with using a wireless set without a licence, Mr. Watson, in his capacity as a magistrate, quite rightly inflicted a fine.

"But he also wrongly inflicted a further penalty in the form of a homily that was as gratuitous as it was unwanted.

"Mr. Watson said to this man: 'It is perfectly absurd to have a thing like a wireless set, which is quite a luxury, when you are out of work. You get rid of the luxury if you cannot get work. It is quite unnecessary.'

"If the owner of the set had voiced his feelings he would have been guilty of showing—instead of politely concealing—

Sentence of the Court

contempt of court," continued Mr. Watchdog.

"Not only Mr. Watson, but a number of other magistrates should be told at once that they cannot, with impunity, use their courts as dumping grounds for their homilies."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter, defending, said that his client was by no means the only magistrate to be shocked by the gross extravagance of some members of the unemployed.

It was easy to say that nowadays a radio was a necessity. But, from this, it would be only a step to declaring that a piano or even a motor-car was something which no unemployed worker could be expected to do without.

"To decide what constitutes a 'luxury' is as difficult as to define a 'place,'" remarked Mr. Justice Bull.

* * *

"If an expenditure of 2½d. a week, the approximate cost of a wireless licence, on entertainment, culture and enlightenment is extravagant, the value the accused places on these things must be remarkably low.

"It is a pity that homilies of this kind should be left strewn about a public building, but happily the solution of the problem is simplicity itself.

"I have only to direct that the accused shall forthwith eat his words—this being equivalent to a sentence of four weeks' penal indigestion."

Y. Z.

Further outlook . . .
"Medium and Mild" in all districts

Hardly strict B.B.C., but a cheery forecast calculated to defeat depressions from Iceland, and other more everyday sources. But notice "MEDIUM" and "MILD." The famous 'Medium,' most popular 10 for 6d. cigarette in the country, suits perfectly the tastes of most smokers, but if a 'Mild' cigarette is preferred, it can still be Player's; the unrivalled Player tobacco can still be enjoyed. 'Medium' or 'Mild' are both in the familiar lifebuoy packet, blue lettering for 'Medium,' red for 'Mild'—CORK-TIPPED or PLAIN as preferred.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

10-6D 20-11½D

OPEN LETTERS

You refer to recent "terrible cases" of malpractices . . .

SIR DAVID MILNE-WATSON, Bt.,
President, Bribery & Secret Commissions Prevention League

DEAR SIR,—I am gratified to learn that you are launching a big purge to wipe out the racket of bribery and corruption that strangles much of our municipal life.

Secret bribery and undue influence unhappily prevail in many places.

I have devoted much space over many years in cleaning municipal life of the evils of graft.

The Government's new Housing Bill offers substantial subsidies for slum clearance and aims particularly to assist rural housing needs.

The object is to build cottages at from 6s. to 7s. per week and flats a shilling a week more. The big firms with a municipal "pull" will no doubt exploit their opportunity to the full.

You will watch these racketeers closely. I am doing the same.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord ROCHE,
House of Lords

MY LORD,—In inaugurating the new premises of the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, you give an added status to a movement which has done invaluable work in the elimination of crime in the land.

For years this body struggled on with very little support. All its officials, both medical and executive, were volunteers.

In spite of frequent grave shortages of funds, it yet managed to carry on until more widespread knowledge and appreciation of its aims brought increasing financial support.

Diagnosis of the real causes that make for crime is far better than a prison sentence which may make a man who might become a good citizen a hardened criminal.—JOHN BULL.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—You are President of the Cinema Christian Council formed to encourage the use of "film services."

In Chichester Cathedral recently huge congregations—or should I say "audiences"?—jostled for admission.

Also at a Northampton church the other Sunday a large queue stretched right up the street, the gates were only closed with difficulty, and a vast crowd surged outside.

I should mention that the film starred Robert Taylor and Irene Dunne.

The Vicar of Holy Trinity, Keighley, has gone one better. He has been running free dances after Sunday service. They danced the rumba. The church was packed. Are these meretricious methods worthy—or necessary?

When a good preacher enters the pulpit of any denomination and speaks straight from the heart as a man to other men he never lacks a big congregation.

There lies the remedy for empty churches.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. CHARLES JARRETT,
Royal Society of St. George

DEAR COLONEL,—So you think that "British" is too much of an ominous word, and that Old England is in danger of being overlaid by Scotsmen, Welshmen, Manxmen, Ulstermen and Channel Islanders.

You urge us to "recreate the English patriotism," and, in effect, with a lusty cry of "St. George for England!" turn a stalwart back on St. Andrew and St. David.

Have you heard of nothing good that comes out of the non-English part of Britain? For myself, I sail under the British flag.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. S. MORRISON,
Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Fish prices have gone up 50 per cent. in the past week or two. Housewives are paying exorbitant prices.

Yet the trawlers have brought home large cargoes—some to be sent to manure works lest the abundance should bring down those prices.

Trawler owners, by a working agreement, are laying up 20 per cent. of their fleets — but still fishermen are scandalously underpaid.

A fantastic situation this. What is even more fantastic is that, although the industry is in your charge, you do not appear to bother yourself about it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN ORR,
Aberdeen

DEAR SIR JOHN,—The mining villages of Wemyss and Coaltown, Fifeshire, were invaded recently by a corps of women to the indignation of the good housewives.

It seems they entered cottages uninvited in some cases, peered into cupboards, weighed food, examined pots and pans, and acted the part of Nosey Parkers.

So the wives thought. They did not understand that you, as the authority delegated by the Government, had selected the area for investigation in their interests.

The object was to discover if the average diets fell short of the new standard necessary for child health.

Although the wives misunderstood, I suggest the enthusiasm of your women investigators somewhat outweighed their discretion.

I am sure you will agree.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

SIR,—A message from Whitehall tells me you may consider favourably a grant for the first National Park.

Seven years have passed since a scheme for national parks was recommended to the Government, praised by Ministers and *forgotten*.

Only £100,000 is needed to establish a National Reserve Authority and launch the scheme. Surely you will not begrudge such a tiny morsel from the Treasury purse.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LEGG, J.P.,
Sutton, Surrey

DEAR MADAM,—You made a common-sense decision when you fined a father for negligence following petty thefts by his girl of twelve and a boy of eleven.

His defence was that he thought the toys had been given to the children as presents.

You took the view that he had not taken reasonable care of his children and failed in his duty to bring them up in a way that would have prevented such delinquencies.

Often I have attacked decisions that punish children for what are really the sins of the parents.

I hope other magistrates will follow your example.—JOHN BULL.

GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.: Instead of Government sending Berlin to discover how protect qurselves against German bombs, you said better way was stop making them. Pity your words couldn't reach all governments.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. J. MITCHELL,
Magistrates' Chairman, Southend-on-Sea

DEAR SIR,—You were in a dilemma when a seventy-four-years-old pensioner appeared before you, summoned for non-payment of a drainage rate of 14s. 2d., plus costs, issued by the Essex Rivers Catchment Board.

He pleaded that his ground was under water for six months, and last August a number of rabbits, pullets and ducklings were drowned.

An Inspector of the Board had to put on sea-boots to go round the place!

"It's not a Drainage Board, but a Flooding Board," cried the indignant defendant. Yet you committed him to prison for fourteen days, to be suspended while he paid instalments. Apparently you hesitated to send him to jail. I do not wonder.—JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY,
Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants

DEAR SIR,—Not so long ago ex-Service men were being sacked wholesale by Government departments. To-day, largely by your efforts, some 60,000 former "temporaries" are made permanent officers with assured careers.

You now bring forward a scheme to assure a career to every recruit in the armed forces of the Crown.

In effect, you advocate that any member of His Majesty's Forces should be eligible to compete in any Civil Service examination without regard to the prescribed age limits. If successful, he should become a Civil Servant seconded for service with the Army, Navy or Air Force.

It sounds a good proposal.—JOHN BULL.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Punish these Fiends

CRUELTY to children is increasing alarmingly. More babies are being abandoned.

Court sentences are also getting heavier—but not heavy enough, and not in every town.

Last week a Middlesex man who struck a child "a tremendous blow" for crying was jailed for three months.

He deserved more.

Lately, a Luton man received six months for letting a baby lie unattended for a week with a broken leg. He also deserved more.

Luton, by the way, is suffering a serious rise in crime and cruelty since people from distressed areas found work in the town.

Have their hardships made them indifferent to the sufferings of others?

And do all magistrates realise that only stern penalties will check the cruelty wave?

For thrashing a boy so terribly that hospital treatment is necessary an Uxbridge father is fined 20s.

A Glasgow postman who smacks a four-months-old baby, and tries to make it drink beer, is fined £3.

For kicking his two-year-old daughter a Cornishman is merely bound over.

Not surprising, therefore, that N.S.P.C.C. deals with 46,000 cases a year, involving 114,000 children, that figures are mounting rapidly, that scarcely a week passes without children being heartlessly deserted.

Sir Samuel Hoare should urge magistrates to pass heavy sentences on the fiends.

He should double the present maximum of six months' hard labour allowed by law.

Cruelty to children must be stopped.

The 'Quins' Progress
ON QUAKER
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE "QUINS"

1 Marie thinks dressing is great fun, but, truly feminine, she realises you can't be too particular over it.

2 At the first opportunity the "Quins" make for their nursery. Here's Marie again, displaying her maternal instinct this time.

3 On sunny days the "Quins" go out into their own little garden. And fine romps they have, too. With their sturdy little legs and strong bodies, their energy is tireless. Quaker Oats is largely responsible for that.

4 Mealtime! And by the way Emilie's licking that spoon it can only be one thing she's eating—delicious Quaker Oats! The "Quins" all love it.

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DR. DAFOE SAYS:

"Nearly everyone who comes to Dafoe Hospital wants to know how much the "Quins" weigh . . . whether their growth is normal. Since their seventh month I've seen to it that the "Quins" have Quaker Oats . . . their gains in weight are more than satisfactory."

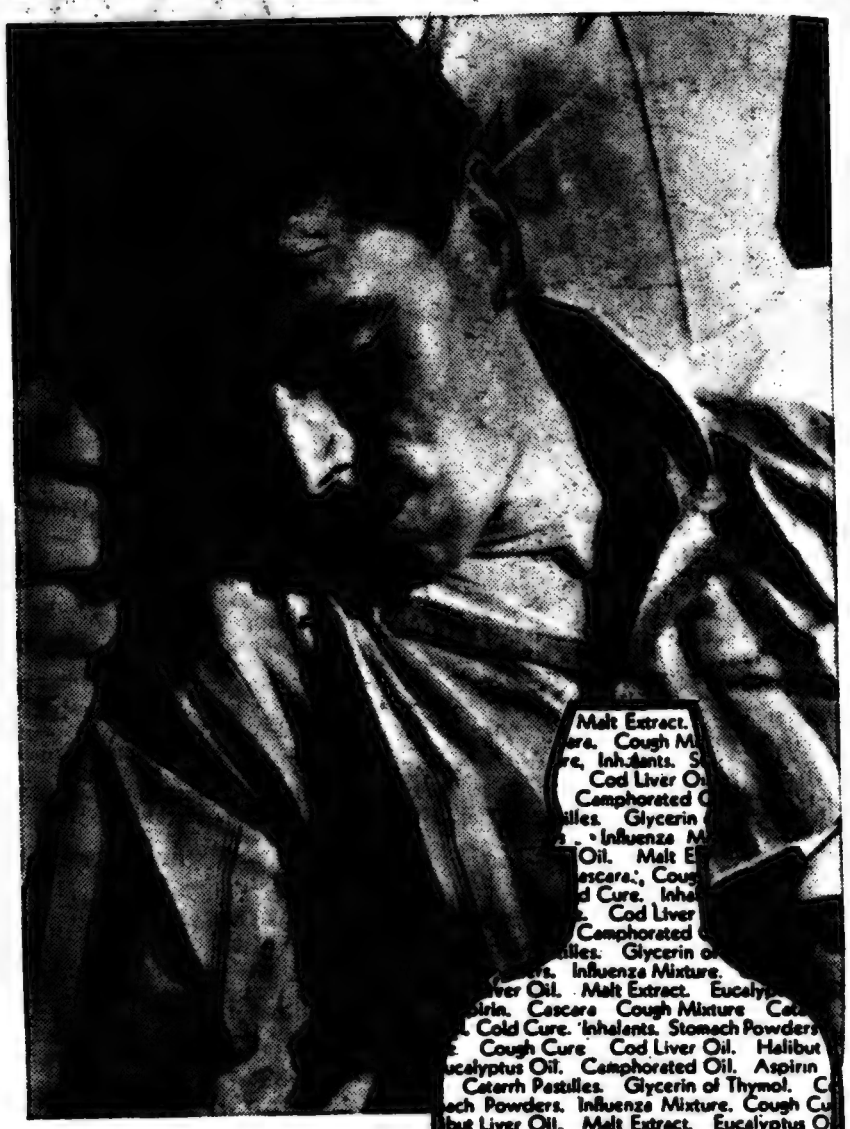
Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe

5 The "Quins" tumble into their cots and are soon fast asleep. They sleep soundly—the "nerve-nourishing" Vitamin B in Quaker Oats is their safeguard against "nerviness."

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d

YOUR GROCER SELLS THE SAME QUAKER OATS AS SUPPLIED TO THE "QUINS"—BOTH FROM THE SAME GREAT QUAKER MILLS IN CANADA

BOOTS GUIDE TO WINTER HEALTH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Cough Cure. Cod Liver Oil. Halibut
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Stomach Powders. Influenza Mixture. Cough Cu
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Halibut Liver Oil. Malt Extract. Eucalyptus O
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Cough Cure. Cod Liver Oil. Halibut L
Eucalyptus Oil. Camphorated Oil. Aspirin.
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He is a lucky man who gets through an English winter without at least one chill or a touch of the 'flu. The wise man takes precautions all the time—and the best of precautions is plenty of fresh air and exercise—and if the chill finally wins, takes promptly to his bed. The common cold is not to be despised—its complications can be complicated. 'Flu can be the beginning of greater evils. It is in the making up of prescriptions and in the supply of preventives, correctives and tonics that Boots the Chemists play their part in the national campaign for better health and fitness. All Boots medicines are accurately dispensed from fresh stocks and they are reasonably priced.

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Black Spots in our EMPIRE

by A. G. Gardiner

"I have before me several letters from distant parts of the world deploring the conditions of coloured labour there and calling for urgent reforms..."

URIAH B. BUTLER, the negro cobbler with a limp, who set the island of Trinidad in a blaze last summer, is in prison serving a two years' sentence, which he no doubt deserved.

But he has made history.

He has compelled us to throw a searchlight into the dark places of the Empire, and the report of the Commission of Enquiry into the Trinidad riots, if not a justification of his methods, is a complete justification of his aims.

It should shock us out of our complacence, and should provide Mr. Malcolm MacDonald with marching orders which he will neglect at his peril, not merely in Trinidad but elsewhere.

Let me briefly recall the facts. Trinidad has been a gold-mine for the exploiter of oil and for the investor.

Since 1922 the Apex concern has paid an average of 36 per cent. in dividends. Trinidad Leaseholds have for twenty years made an average return of 16 per cent.—in 1936 the profits were £426,000. after paying off depreciation to the amount of £231,000.

★ ★ ★

The average dividend of Trinidad Development Co. has been 13½ per cent. And so on.

That is one side of the picture. What of the other?

In the phrase of Mr. Nankivell, the Colonial Secretary of Trinidad, the condition of the workers has been that of "economic slavery." Wages, housing, food, were alike scandalous.

In an appeal to the employers to restore the cuts of 1931 and to raise wages even above the pre-cut level, the Governor of Trinidad, Sir Arthur Murchison Fletcher, said that "the standard of living and the state of malnutrition among many of the workers is the lowest I have witnessed."

The appeal had no effect. Meanwhile, the discontents born of these miserable conditions increased.

They had their focus in the strange figure of Butler, "half lunatic, half poet," and wholly agitator, who had served in the war and had returned with the crudest Communist gospel.

Under his fierce rhetoric the Apex oilfield became the centre of a great strike-wave that swept the island and led to savageries like the burning alive of a policeman.

In this alarming situation, the Governor allowed his humanity to outrun his discretion.

"Butler is an agitator," he said. "What is an agitator? An agitator is a person who stirs things up. I have tried to stir things up; and Butler has done it so much more effectively than I have been able to do."

He condemned his violence, but clearly sympathised with his purpose, and was prepared to negotiate with "the fanatical negro," who after the riots fled to the woods, but ultimately gave himself up and was imprisoned.

What does the Commission say to all this? In the first place, it confirms up to the hilt the grievances of the workers.

It found "malnutrition and deficiency diseases" prevalent. It denounces the dwellings on some of the estates as "indescribable in their lack of elementary needs of decency."

Even it admits that, "in the light of all the circumstances, it is a matter of surprise that Butler did not secure more support than was actually the case."

And it issues a programme of reforms that goes to the root of the evil.

They include a complete overhaul of the medical, health, housing and education services of the island, and the creation of a strong Labour Department designed to aid the workers in the formation of trade unions which will protect their interests.

★ ★ ★

But having conceded the whole case, the Commission proceeds to rebuke the Governor and Mr. Nankivell for their handling of the riots, for negotiating with Butler when he was wanted by the police, and for their speeches, which were "not only unfortunate in their substance, but also most untimely."

Perhaps that is true. The speeches were certainly not discreet. They enraged the employers by insisting that decent wages should be put before high dividends. They stated the workers' grievances better than they could state them themselves.

But they went to the root of the trouble, and, discreet or indiscreet, the Commission themselves justify every word they said.

Sir Murchison Fletcher has resigned, but, in spite of the official condemnation, I think public sympathy will be with him.

And, in any case, the victory is with him.

The scandals of Trinidad will be cleaned up. The monstrous exploitation of the natives will cease, and the obligations of the great companies to the coloured labour that provides their profits will, we may hope, be fulfilled.

But the lesson of this great episode does not end with Trinidad.

The spirit of unrest has been manifested from Kenya and the plantations of Mauritius to the islands of the West Indies.

★ ★ ★

There have been troubles with the transport workers in Jamaica. Lives have been lost in street battles in Barbados, and in one of the Caribbean islands there has been the disquieting spectacle of a British Commissioner fleeing from the mob in a small boat.

Uriah Butler did not create the troubles in Trinidad. He only applied the match to the inflammable conditions that prevailed there.

The revolution in the industrial conditions of the white man's world has not left the black man's world untouched.

He is cut off from his old, primitive life and absorbed into the work of the factory, the mine and the oilfield. He works with the white man on a lower plane, is infected with his outlook and shares his pleasures, good or bad.

He is familiar with the film and the radio and is touched with the glamour of the great world of which his fathers knew nothing.

It may be regrettable, but it is the white man who has worked the change, and the white man must adjust himself to the consequences, and see that the black man has a square deal.

He is not getting that. He is still too often, in Mr. Nankivell's phrase, in a condition of "economic slavery."

With those dealing with the grievances of the black men—and the "poor whites"—in South Africa we are not directly concerned.

But our responsibility in the case of the Colonies that are administered from Whitehall is direct and absolute.

And, while I am far from suggesting that our Colonial administration is lacking in humanity, it is true that the evidence of native grievances is by no means confined to Trinidad.

★ ★ ★

The experience we have had there should lead to a thorough overhaul of the conditions of the subject races in all our dependencies, and I can conceive no task which would appeal more to the sympathies of Mr. MacDonald.

And there is another reason why this should be done and done at once.

The dictatorships have many grudges against us, but none more bitter than that concerned with our great overseas possessions.

That grievance will be heard much of in the future, and it is of vital importance that we should be invulnerable on the score of the just administration of our territories.

For such an administration the acid test is the measure of happiness and well-being that the subject races enjoy under our rule.

Now write and tell us what subject YOU want A. G. G. to deal with.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

BEYOND PRICE

AN unknown writer in the Book of Proverbs said; "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

Two thousand years later it is impossible to put a man's job in life into better or more concise words—and that bears thinking about!

Strange, isn't it, that for two thousand years the secret of a successful and happy life has been broadcast for all to know, and that so few will believe it—and fewer still want to believe it?

Of course the "catch" is that behind these simple words lies the whole of psychological teaching and a great deal of hard work and self-discipline for any who want to carry them out in daily practice: and hardly anyone wants to bother. Nearly everyone prefers to gamble with Life instead of co-operating with it.

Yet the fact remains that we can think what we will and as we will. We can personally select for ourselves just what ideas we wish to hold before our attention at a given moment. We can think good or we can think evil. We can think ugliness or we can think beauty. We can look forward with hope or gaze backwards with despair.

We can be kind or cruel, thoughtful for others or contemptuous of them. We can *choose*. That is at once our privilege and our responsibility.

If we learn aright the art of self-management we shall live always, as one writer put it, "in the presence of the best." If we don't, we don't want to—and that's all there is about it.

The power of selecting the ideas that shall occupy our minds is a power given only to man. It is a treasure beyond price.

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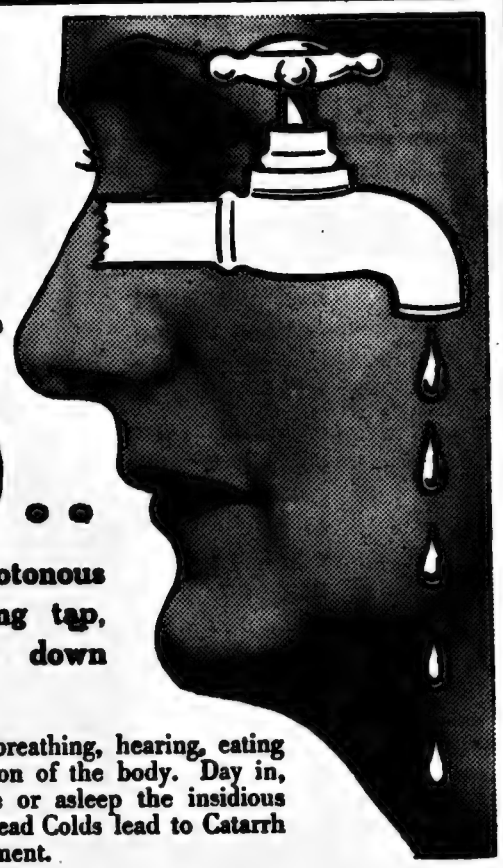

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Down in Devon—pig farm failure.

And charity collecting-box wizard.

Wine and spirit merchant, too . . . .

Free theatre seats—no queues?

Impudent Hoaxer from Holland

DIRK VAN GESSEL is a Dutchman. He was born in Holland in 1895. To say the least, he is a personality.

I am not interested in what he did in his youth. I know that from 1918 to 1923 he was a publicity agent in Canada and the United States, where he apparently learned to do things in a big way without giving his clients very much satisfaction.

To-day, he is in London and his activities are such that I think he will be wise to change his tactics without delay.

He lives at Cheyne Court, Chelsea, and until recently operated from an office at Grosvenor Place in the West End of London. He keeps a good establishment; likes luxury and delights in his big car driven by a chauffeur in uniform.

* * *

There is no doubt the man has a persuasive manner. He is ingenious in his methods—but not quite ingenious enough. He may be said to be just a little too versatile.

In recent times his big card has been the cause of charity. He emerged as a man who was genuinely distressed by the sufferings of the blind and with that end in view he got into touch with the organisers of St. Dunstan's.

He duly informed the organisers he had invented a wonderful collecting-box with a mechanical device that was very amusing and would induce people to insert coins for the very fun of the thing.

The idea seemed to be such a clever one that van Gessel was authorised to supply 5,000 of his mechanical collecting-boxes and was promised 40 per cent. commission on all takings.

Van Gessel raised money to put his invention on the charity market from various sources. He induced one man to put up £3,000 in hard cash, with the proviso that he would share in the 40 per cent. commission.

Next, he got in touch with a firm of manufacturers and ordered 5,000 boxes. The estimated cost was £8,000 and van Gessel put down £500 deposit by way of good faith.

Unhappily, when the boxes were circulated the "amusing device" was not appreciated by the general public and collections were very disappointing.

* * *

In some cases the device did not work at all and the original charity which had authorised the scheme repudiated their part of the contract, so that van Gessel had to look elsewhere for support.

He is not the type of man to be dismayed. He turned to the National Institute for the Blind, which was induced to adopt the scheme and advanced a considerable sum on condition that certain alterations to the collecting-boxes were carried out by a specified date.

Van Gessel took the money, but the alterations were not made. In due course following a number of discussions or delays, the charity took the drastic step of seizing the boxes.

This charitable concern naturally, up to that point at least, lost money as a result of its dealings with this enterprising, suave Dutchman.

I find on investigation that he did not use the £3,000 he had received from one investor for the purpose of obtaining collecting-boxes.

At the time he gave the order to the manufacturers, involving £8,000, he was personally involved in debt for very large sums. In fact, he had the audacity to use £2,000 of the money to ward off his more pressing creditors.

Now these are by no means the only activities connected with the recent career of van Gessel.

Some time ago he started a pig and poultry farm on fifteen acres of ground at Winkleigh, Devonshire. He knew nothing about farming and in due course the farm was a failure, as was perhaps inevitable.

After that he became agent for a firm of wine and spirit merchants, and meantime lived on moneys obtained from his father.

We next find him engaged in publicity with an office in Victoria Street, London, and the sign on the door, "Van Gessel and Co., Ltd., Advertising Agents."

"Free Seats" was his slogan. He sent out representatives to various parts of the country to get in touch with small tradespeople. They played on the ordinary man's love of the theatre and cinema.

* * *

As consideration the tradesman could sell commodities and give free theatre and cinema tickets over his counter to delighted customers.

All traders had to do was to hand over the sum of £4 or £5, according to circumstances, to defray cost of canvassing and literature. That made them members of the Van Gessel scheme. After that they would give away coupons in accordance with value of purchases.

When a customer had collected a stipulated number of coupons, all he had to do was to send them to the offices in Victoria Street and he would receive, by return of post, free tickets to the value of 15s., available for any theatre or cinema he cared to name.

Everything went well until customers had collected the requisite coupons. (The shopkeepers had, of course, paid their registration fees to the van Gessel company).

Then some found that tickets were not forthcoming. In fact, several applicants were informed they would only get their tickets provided they sent cash for them.

* * *

It transpired that van Gessel originally parted with his brilliant idea to the company, which he had himself formed, for the sum of £700. The offices were, of course, eventually closed, and letters returned marked "Gone Away."

Now it is the turn of charity, and I am giving this publicity to van Gessel as a warning to others.

Taxed with having utilised the original investment of £3,000 for his mechanical collecting-boxes for the rectification of his own personal affars, he replied blandly:

"Well, I could not start the new venture until the old debts were paid."

Van Gessel has by no means stinted himself in his private life. On his own confession he has been living at the rate of £20 a week.

Nevertheless, I have evidence he has lived at the rate of something like double this amount.

At the present moment his debts are said to amount to £6,000.

This versatile Dirk van Gessel is an unnaturalised alien.

In view of the nature of these disclosures, I suggest the Home Office authorities might well hold an immediate enquiry into this man's affairs.

He is proving an altogether too expensive and undesirable a guest.

Tricky Trio

HAVE you heard of one J. Barclay, of Cursitor Street, London? He is a man I strongly advise all my readers to avoid.

Some time ago a nurse, with an invalid sister to support, advertised in the Press for a little capital with which to start a chiropody business.

Mr. Barclay answered the advertisement and after certain correspondence offered to advance the sum of £30 provided a fiver was forthcoming for preliminary expenses. The woman duly sent the five-pound note requested.

Since then Barclay has made all manner of excuses for not making the loan. It appears he has forgotten all about this little matter.

My enquiries reveal that the nurse in question is not the sole victim and that complaints about Barclay are being investigated by the City police.

* * *

Be on your guard also in respect of a certain man posing as of independent means, stating he is a mineralogist and giving the name of Cleveland MacDonald.

MacDonald also has other poses, among them the son of a banker, the brother of a medical practitioner, a quarry master, a geologist and a former colonel.

He can tell a magnificent story of his wealth and his distinguished career and antecedents. He has imposed on numerous occasions on landladies and tradespeople by reason of his glib tongue.

A young man in North London, who with the aid of his wife makes a precarious living from a general store, recently advertised for a post as chauffeur.

In due course he was visited by an individual who represented himself to be the secretary of an earl.

He asked for references, and also showed photographs of the nobleman's mansion and estate and the lodge in which the newly-engaged chauffeur and his wife would have to live.

It was quite a considerable cottage and the man had obviously not enough furniture to equip it adequately. That was no matter. The "secretary" wrote out a cheque to cover the cost of extra furniture, adding that it would be deducted from his wages in due course.

Meantime, he borrowed a banknote and some odd silver from the man's wife.

The cheque came back marked "No account." The man who described himself as "Captain Beaumont" is a cheap cheat of the meanest kind.

* * *

I understand that the heading "Versatile Four to Watch" in the issue of January 15 may have been misunderstood, so I wish to make it clear that it was not intended to apply to the four directors of Vulcan Accumulators, Ltd., of Glenbourne Road, London, S.W.

Disquieting Post-mortem Revelations

NOT long ago a boy died in a leading London hospital from auricular flutter of the heart.

There appears to be no doubt that the doctors in charge were well aware of the cause of death. There would seem to have been no reason for a post-mortem examination.

When the father arrived some hours later to make arrangements for the funeral he was informed that no death certificate could be forthcoming until the afternoon. It was only after much questioning that he learned it was proposed to make a post-mortem examination.

Now, what occurs to me to be a serious aspect of this case is that the father was not informed. He was merely told after he had protested that it was customary to make such examinations unless the relatives objected. By that time the boy's body had been opened.

* * *

He at once protested. A doctor came to him in the superintendent's office and said that the hospital, under its regulations, had the right to hold such examinations when occasion arose.

After further protest had been made that such regulations could not be binding, seeing the other interested parties had not been notified, the doctor said he would stop the examination and obtain the death certificate at once.

He returned later and reported that he had been too late to stop the post-mortem, and could not get the certificate until the afternoon. Then the father asked to see the particular regulations governing post-mortem operations.

* * *

The superintendent said they did not exist in print, but it had long been the practice at the hospital.

In the course of correspondence between the superintendent, the clerk of the governors and the hospital solicitors, various contentions have been made.

The solicitors put forward the explanation that such examinations were merely made in the interests of science and for the benefit of other sufferers.

They also claimed that there is no ownership in a dead body.

For the hospital, it was apparently just a matter of routine. It would appear that all bodies taken to the mortuary are prepared for a post-mortem examination by the attendant on duty.

I have made enquiries at other hospitals, and I find that in some cases there are notices in small type affixed to the appropriate screens informing the public of the practice of making scientific examination of dead bodies of patients.

The only redeeming feature of this one case is that, following the protests of the father, the authorities of the hospital have now prepared a printed circular for distribution to relatives and friends of patients.

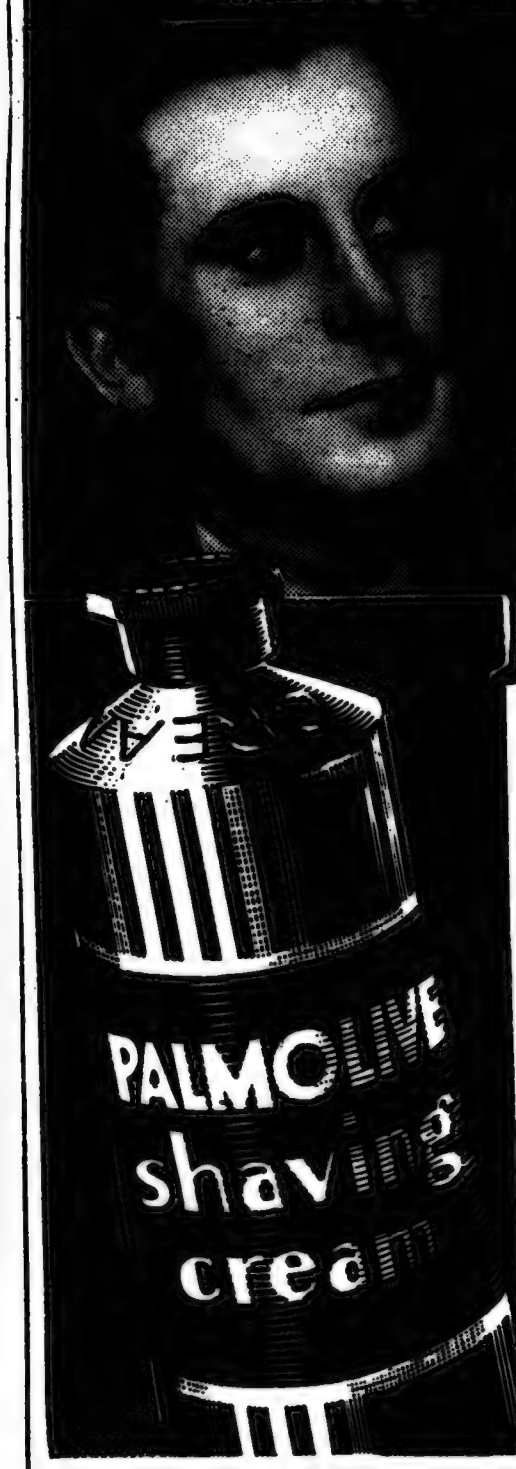
It informs them, *inter alia*, that in the event of a patient dying in the hospital an examination may be made to verify the cause of death, but that such an examination will not be made if within twelve hours of death relatives or friends inform the superintendent in writing they do not wish it to be made.

* * *

Moreover, no incision will be made for a period of 24 hours after actual death.

While post-mortems are often very essential and necessary, many medical practitioners deprecate the attitude of any hospital which may proceed to dissect a body in their charge without prior consent of the relatives concerned.

WHY SO MANY MEN LOOKED "WELL-TURNED-OUT" TODAY —



THE OLIVE OIL SHAVE!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2 Softens the beard in one minute.

3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.

5 Fine after effects due to olive and palm oil content.

There are more arguments *for* Palmolive than for any other shaving preparation! That's why more men choose Palmolive than anything else. And *that's* why so many men look well-groomed today! It's the palm and olive oil content in Palmolive that produces its rich, generous lather which *really softens*. And it's those same soothing oils which act like a lotion, giving that unique after-shave comfort which is so refreshing.

6ᵖ and 1/-

COOLNESS the secret of good golf . . .

and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S' BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11¹⁰ per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10ᵖ per oz.

ITS PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Trust Snowfire Tablet to keep sore cracks from hard-working hands

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

When you wake with

MORNING MOUTH

—you have been warned!

A *foul-tasting mouth* when you wake in the morning is a warning that you are affected with stomach trouble or constipation. Your whole system is being clogged with poisonous waste matter, causing headaches, flatulence, bad breath, pimples, depression, besides very often leading to serious illness. Feen-a-mint will banish stomach troubles and constipation. Only Feen-a-mint will sweep away the clogging poisons, giving you bright eyes, sweet breath and added vitality. Feen-a-mint works the way Nature intended—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried *naturally* through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist *today*—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. D.3), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

Take a Month Off

the calendar pad. Month after month you'll tear off and still your Lybro Overalls will be giving good service. That is why Lybros are economical, they wear much longer than so-called cheaper overalls. Insist on Lybro Overalls.

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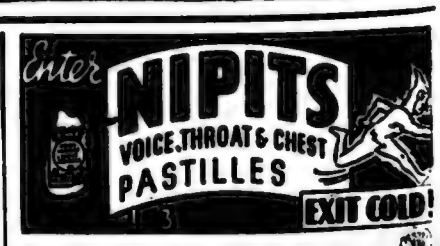
Fill in the coupon on p. 27 for a valuable free copy of a Booklet which explains how sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., can get immediate relief from these distressing maladies. Cut out the Coupon NOW and post before you forget!



Mystery of a Vanishing Orphan

WHERE IS THIS CHILD ?

WHERE is fourteen-year-old orphan Rose—her surname, by law, must not be printed—for whose welfare and upbringing the Oldham Public Assistance Committee is responsible?

Her relatives, an uncle and aunt, who are in a position to look after the girl and are anxious to undertake her charge, last saw her at the end of November last in a Church Army home at Bexley in Kent. Since then the girl has been taken away to an address unknown.

Although they have received letters from little Rose, the address has been carefully cut from the top of the note-paper. The Oldham authorities have not replied to requests for further information about Rose, and where she happens to be at the moment is a secret known only to the Oldham P.A.C.

A more glaring case of tyrannical officialdom it would be hard to imagine.

Rose was admitted to the Crompton Street Home for Girls in Oldham when she was eleven, because of the illness of her mother, who subsequently died. Her father died very shortly afterwards.

* * *

While the girl was at the Crompton Street home her relatives—a grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Pass, of 33, Browning Road, Derker, Oldham, and her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lupton, who then lived in the neighbourhood—were permitted to visit her once a month.

At the end of September Rose was taken away to an unknown destination. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Lupton had removed to Holloway in North London. Both they and the grandmother, Mrs. Pass, tried in vain to discover where the girl had gone.

They received occasional letters with the address deliberately deleted in the manner apparently customary in such cases. But one day Mrs. Pass received a letter which had apparently been overlooked by those in charge. It was headed with an address—the Church Army Home, "Trewint," Bexley, Kent.

Mrs. Lupton and a friend went to Bexley as soon as they heard the news and were greeted with some surprise by the sister in charge who said she had "no idea Rose had any relatives living in this part of the country."

This happened on November 28. Mr. and Mrs. Lupton were permitted to see their niece for an hour and a half.

In the early days of December Mr. Lupton approached the Church Army Headquarters in Bryanston Street, London, W., asking for further information as to why the girl had been taken to Bexley and why they had not been notified.

* * *

An official of the Church Army wrote in reply:

"The reason why Rose is now under our care is because we were asked to help her by the Oldham P.A.C. They felt the child would benefit by a training, and the reason we arranged for her to go to 'Trewint' is because it is the most suitable home for her."

It was added that Rose had settled down very happily, and that she would undoubtedly benefit by the training she was receiving.

And any further information must come from the offices of the P.A.C. in Oldham.

On December 12 Mr. Lupton wrote asking for permission to see his niece, only to be informed that as the last visit took place as recently as November 28 no further visit could be arranged until December 28—three days after Christmas.

That was bad enough. But on December 23 there came another letter from the Church Army which stated that Rose had been taken away from the "Trewint" home at Bexley, and that this communication was to save the trouble and disappointment of any relative arriving at the home in the hope of seeing the girl.

Since then no one knows what has happened to Rose except the official authorities. The little presents she had packed at "Trewint" before Christmas were not delivered in time, but the Public Assistance Officer at Oldham did write a letter saying they should be posted by the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Lupton have reiterated their desire to look after the girl and bring her up. When they have approached the Church Army for news of their niece they have been politely informed that the only information can be given by the Oldham P.A.C.

They are helpless in the matter, having undertaken to look after Rose under certain conditions. The ultimate responsibility must always remain with the Oldham P.A.C. Every effort to get in touch with the girl has failed.

Meanwhile, Rose writes regularly. In one letter she says: "You can see by the above address than I have removed from Trewint, Bexley." "The above address" has been carefully snicked by a pair of scissors.

But, although she writes regularly, her three years' education under the Oldham authorities is scarcely creditable to them.

This extract from her last letter says: "In answer to you welcome letter which I received if you like you can send me some Christmas present now because am very excighting adout them I surpose you were very disspointed to see that I had removed. On Thrusday 13, we had a magic lanterin and we give a play. I was an Angle."

* * *

Fourteen years, and grammar, spelling and punctuation such as would disgrace an infants' class. We may well ask what they are teaching this girl, about whom they are so mysterious?

The whole business is a species of petty tyranny which infuriates me. A hard, relentless, rotten system.

When a child is sent to a home or institution by the local P.A.C. the officials obviously assume temporary control of a parental nature.

But when they refuse to say where the child is, and blood relatives are not permitted to pay occasional visits, they outstep the bounds of reason and humanity.

I do hope that the Home Office may be able to deal with the point as to the parental powers of institutions, even if it requires legislation.

THEY WANT TO KNOW

"Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lupton have reiterated their desire to look after the girl and bring her up. But they do not know where she is . . ."

Roger the Dodger

ONE of the names assumed by a tall, carefully, even meticulously, dressed young man in the early thirties is "Roger Beaufort." In appearance he is somewhat æsthetic, but actually he is virile and can use his fists.

This young man has education and certainly a way with women. When he assumes a false relationship with well-known people he takes good care to know all about their family history and careers. He never makes the stupid blunders of the common grade of impersonator.

For years he has made a profitable if exciting living under the various aliases of Beaufort, Townshend, Mercer, and Lambert, to name but a few in a distinguished selection

His masquerades include those of the son of a famous singer, the son of a general, the son of quite a number of different noblemen, and a connection of several millionaires

A typical example, now, of the way this young man works. He met a woman of means at a reception at a London hotel and a short time afterwards paid a duty call at her house.

In course of conversation he gave out that he was the son of a lord then living abroad and heir to the huge family estate.

A large sum had been settled on him and it only awaited the return of the noble father from abroad for the stipulated amount to be paid into his bank.

For the moment he found himself temporarily embarrassed, but he was sure his hostess would understand. She did. She gave him not one cheque to tide over immediate difficulties, but two or three.

Later she learned from a friend that the charming Roger was just a rogue. He had told the same story to several impressionable people.

"Beaufort" has literally scores of dupes to his credit, or, shall I say, discredit. They range from women of position to ordinary university undergraduates, from film actresses to young men about town with more money than intelligence, from first-class hotels to first-class outfitters.

Sometimes he says he was at Oxford. He has even been able to persuade American victims he was at Yale.

High-class stores are not easily duped by strangers. Yet not so long ago "Beaufort" sauntered casually into a most exclusive shirt-makers and carefully selected a range of underwear and pyjamas totalling something like £40.

So well he told his story that the experienced salesmen were won over. He gave a cheque for £50, received the change and walked away. The cheque was the usual "dud."

* * *

Roger has lost imaginary fortunes both in Throgmorton Street and on Wall Street. It would take me columns to tell of the amazing losses he alleges in the Hatry crash.

At the other end of the scale he is suspected of being a petty pilferer in the locker-rooms of Sunday golf clubs.

He met a girl at a society function in Kent and learned she had a matter of £25 to £30 in her flat. He did not hesitate to say how much he loved her at first sight. In the end he got away with the money by just taking it when she was not looking.

Company formation has also not been lost on this enterprising rascal. One poor fellow parted with a hundred-pound note on the understanding he was to get a big appointment.

Strange as it may seem to those who have been won over by this man's blandishments, he has served several terms of imprisonment.

He has spoken of his exploits with gunmen in America in his more expansive moments. For once he speaks the truth. He certainly was the foil of a gangster in Chicago and was jailed for fraud. When he came out he was handed over to an armed escort and deported back to England.

A wholly undesirable character.

They had been warned!

NATURALLY, I am always pleased to hear from readers who are saved from victimisation by my warnings.

Here is an extract from a letter from Barnsley: "About three days after reading about old-gold buyers a man called and told me the same tale. . . . I told him I had read about them in JOHN BULL. You should have seen him go!"

Another from Southsea: "May I thank you for showing up the Consolidated World Research Society, Limited. I read JOHN BULL at lunch-time, and when I got back to my shop a 'Mr. Jackson' (one of the company's agents) was waiting to see me. He was quite annoyed to think I was not interested."

From Birmingham:

"The following incident occurred this afternoon at the above address. A knock at the door and the wife, resting after lunch, and not wishing to be disturbed, just raised the curtain and saw a smartish-looking man with an official-looking notebook open. He said he had a present of £3 for her, as she was one of eight people his firm had chosen in the district to receive a gift.

"The firm specialised in tea, and before the prizes could be handed over, she had to try the tea first. Would she order some?

"My wife remembered items in JOHN BULL. She said: 'Oh, yes, I know—I've read all about it in JOHN BULL.'

"*No sooner were the words spoken than he was through the gate and down the path like a shot.* If the gate had been fastened, he looked as if he would have cleared the top!"

Let me repeat once more that my Advice Service is open to all.

Just write to me about it!

Are you being cruel to yourself and your loved ones?

ARE YOU DENYING THEM THE PROTECTION THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH SAYS THEY NEED— Cod Liver Oil—BECAUSE OF AN OUT-OF-DATE TASTE PREJUDICE!

SEVENSEAS
COD LIVER OIL
is Palatable
AND EASY TO TAKE

ONLY 5 DROPS ARE NECESSARY

The Ministry of Health says: "*You* need Cod Liver Oil." What holds you back from following this advice? Nothing but your own childhood's experience of old-fashioned cod liver oils.

But do you know that modern science and modern methods have made this vital winter protection PALATABLE and EASY TO TAKE, and just as digestible as bread and butter!

You can actually mix 'SevenSeaS' Cod Liver Oil with ordinary foods—vegetables, etc. And not only is 'SevenSeaS' palatable, but it is so vitamin-rich that a small dose is sufficient. The three forms of 'SevenSeaS' are:—

1. '*SevenSeaS*' *High Potency Oil. A pure, natural Cod Liver Oil four times as strong in vitamins as standard cod liver oil. Price* 2/3 *bottle. Five drops only required.*

2. '*SevenSeaS*' *High Potency Capsules. 25, 50 and 100 capsules.* 1/6, 2/9 *and* 5/- *bottle respectively. Each capsule contains one dose—five drops of High Potency Oil.*

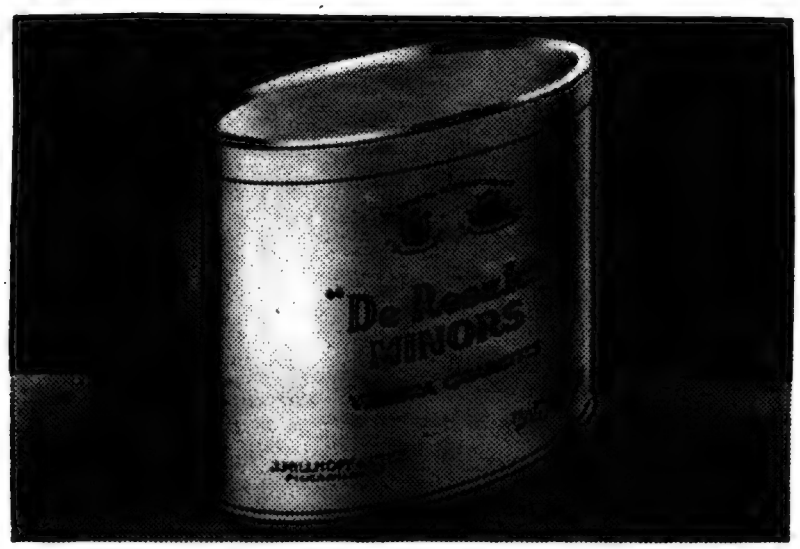
3. '*SevenSeaS*' *Standard strength. Price 4-oz.* 10d., *8-oz.* 1/3. *Protective dose one teaspoonful only.*

To-day, thanks to 'SevenSeaS,' no one need forgo the protection of cod liver oil. BEFORE illness strikes, build up resistance with 'SevenSeaS.' Your Chemist sells it.

SEVENSEAS
COD LIVER OIL

British Cod Liver Oil Producers (Hull) Ltd., St. Andrew's Dock, Hull, England.

Its beauty is more than tin deep . . .



THE 'Minor' tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin 'takes the strain.'

And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

★

The price is 1/- for 30.
Give them a trial straight away.
They're at all tobacconists.

ASK FOR A TIN OF THIRTY DE RESZKE MINORS

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD.

£30,000,000 Trade Mark Racket Exposed

Housewives in Britain and buyers of British goods throughout the world are the dupes of the amazing trade-mark racket which this article exposes.

BRITISH industry is being robbed by trade-mark pirates of millions of pounds a year.

British housewives and would-be purchasers of British goods throughout the world are being defrauded.

So serious is the position that manufacturing organisations and chambers of commerce are constantly urging the Government for more drastic action at home and—in concert with other Governments—abroad, to check this blatant commercial outrage.

It is difficult to set down in figures the cost to British factories and mills, because, in addition to the direct loss in sales, there is the indirect loss of prestige and goodwill.

A buyer, who purchases some product under the impression that it is British branded and therefore of good quality, finds later that the product is of indifferent quality, and is never likely to accept that brand again.

Nearest estimate that experts can make as to the cost of this piracy is about £30,000,000 a year.

Lancashire's cotton industry alone is losing more than £3,000,000 through the unfair use of British trade-marks by foreign competitors.

★ ★ ★

Yorkshire woollen manufacturers suffer almost to the same extent, and the Leicestershire hosiery factories to a lesser degree.

Side by side with trade-mark faking, there is deliberate breach of the Merchandise Marks Act by labelling goods which are foreign as "British," even with the addition of the name of a British manufacturing town.

In Britain the trade-mark pirates and brand-forgers work principally in perfumery, cosmetics, soap, foodstuffs, and—rather remarkably—motor accessories and spare parts. There is a firm in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, specialising in trade-mark investigations, which has in its offices a black museum consisting of 200 different articles sold in this country which are examples of trade-mark brigandage.

Amazingly varied, the collection comprises all manner of toilet articles, medicines, hardware, and engineering goods.

Pirates of toilet articles, whose frauds most closely affect the housewife, have an underground exchange for the disposal of empty scent bottles. Most perfumery houses use bottles of a well-recognised shape.

Bottles are refilled with cheap scent, re-labelled in a style which is an imitation of the original, and peddled from door-to-door or sold in outdoor markets as the genuine branded perfume.

Much the same kind of thing is done with soaps and cosmetics. Soaps are stamped with well-known, advertised names, and cosmetics are wrapped and packed in the style of the real goods.

During seasonal shopping rushes thousands of pounds' worth of bogus, sometimes even harmful, cosmetics and toilet products are retailed by small shopkeepers, who buy the stock from agents at knock-down prices on an assurance that the goods are genuine but old stock.

Throughout the country, agents are constantly at work trying to track down the trade-mark pirates, and prosecutions are made. But the heads of the trade-mark racket are hard to find, for they move their faking factories from place to place.

But trade-mark piracy in Britain—although dangerous, damaging and extensive—is small compared with the traffic in British marks and brands abroad.

Not long ago, cycles were being retailed in Holland bearing the name "Lloyd George" and carrying a transfer: "Cycle Works Registered. Trade Mark, Birmingham."

Dutch people bought these machines believing they were British-made. Actually, they were made in a small Continental factory and, without being disguised, would have been almost impossible to sell.

Recently a Japanese firm in Singapore was fined for selling hosiery—made in Japan—under a Leicester name of world-wide repute. Japan is the chief foreign poacher of British trade-marks and brands.

★ ★ ★

In the Far East Japanese cotton goods are systematically marketed as British.

Reports from the Dutch Indies show that Japanese goods are imported there of identical design to those invented and registered in this country. They are sold under labels printed with exact copies of our trade-marks, often complete with the registered numbers of the marks.

Even the selvedge mark on cotton piece-goods is frequently forged.

The harm done to British trade by these unscrupulous methods can be imagined easily.

Native buyers are dependent on trade-marks. Only by referring to the picture printed on the label can these buyers get the goods they want.

Japanese pirates reproduce these pictures to the minutest detail, and the native takes the Japanese article believing it to be British. One small manufacturing town in Japan was renamed "Macclesfield," so that silk goods turned out there could be exported and sold as "Macclesfield silk."

In hundreds of mills Japanese girls are weaving silk that will later be sold as "made in Macclesfield"

Bicycles sold at 30s. each in India are marked "Made in Birmingham"—but they were made in Japan. So is a great deal of pottery, bearing British markings, that is exported to the Dominions.

Japanese tennis rackets and balls with English names are common in South Africa.

Even "Scotch" whisky is distilled in Japan, and exported bearing badges similar to the trade-marks of Scottish distillers.

A consignment of thirty thousand cases of Japanese "Scotch" was recently landed at a United States port. No doubt consumers bought the whisky thinking they were obtaining real Scotch.

Capturing markets which would otherwise be closed to them is the aim of the Japanese and other foreign trade-mark pirates.

★ ★ ★

But the Japanese have an ingenuous excuse.

They say: "We copy your markings and designs to raise the *standing* of our goods."

Which may be complimentary, but is poor consolation to the British manufacturer who is victimised.

Now, back to Europe again.

Large quantities of cloth made in Czecho-Slovakia were sold in Germany and other countries, marked "Made in Bradford" and carrying the arms of the City of Bradford on the packing.

Knitting wool from Continental mills is frequently labelled as "Bradford wool yarn," and there was an instance of wool marked "Woolcoat, Best for Hand-knitting, Halifax."

German silver goods of an inferior quality, but bearing a counterfeit Birmingham hall-mark, are on sale in the Argentine.

Many complaints have been received by the Board of Trade concerning faked Birmingham markings on silver. German stamping so closely resembles the Birmingham mark that even experts have taken the silver to be of British origin.

Protests from our Ambassadors abroad, on instructions from London, damp down Continental piracy of British trade-marks for a while. Then the pirates re-open with another intensive campaign of sales-robbery by fraud.

My Handicap—How I Overcame It

Queen of the Cripples

LOSING a leg at the age of twenty-one may seem a devastating misfortune for a girl. But I can say, truthfully and gratefully, that I have acquitted myself as a woman, as a wife and mother, as well as the average biped.

I had only the ordinary good looks that go with excellent health and a cheerful disposition. When the Awful Thing happened and they told me my left leg had been amputated I decided to make the best of it, to be Queen of the Cripples.

At first they thought I might be able to use an artificial leg, so they made me a wooden one to practise on. It was just a straight black stick with a kind of bucket-shaped support at the top held on by leather shoulder and waist straps.

* * *

When I unpacked it and saw it I cried for the first time.

Quickly I made a tiny garter, which I slipped on to the wooden horror. Immediately the tragedy was transformed into a joke: it looked so gay and perky.

However, I was unable to wear an artificial leg, and for fourteen years I've sauntered through life on crutches. Perhaps saunter isn't the right word, because it hasn't been a leisurely journey.

Strangely enough I never played games *before* I lost my leg: *afterwards* I learnt to swim and play a mild game of ping-pong and snooker.

* * *

And you should just see me playing darts! Not so long ago my husband coaxed me into a pub and I met all the local characters: they call me the Fairy Queen, and when I throw the winning double their shout of applause goes right across the common.

I've been supremely lucky in having four healthy sons, and mostly I've managed with the help of one maid. When I've been left without help I've done everything myself—cooking, washing, ironing and cleaning—though I get a bit short-tempered when I scrub floors, because I find that more tiring than any other job.

Really I've overcome my handicap by ignoring it, by keeping a sense of proportion (I know there are hundreds of worse things than losing a leg), and by sincerely believing that life is what you make it.

Moreover, I always try to make myself look as smart as possible, especially about the foot!

But some people seem to think they've a right to jest at my affliction. One day a grocer's assistant suddenly asked: "B.K. or A.K.?"

Puzzled, I replied, "I asked for a pound of back bacon, No. 4 cut and not too fat."

He laughed. "Oh, I mean you. I used to make artificial legs for the Tommies during the war. We called 'em all B.K.'s or A.K.'s—below the knee or above the knee. Which are you?"

* * *

"A.K.," I said furiously, longing to slap his face. I was very young then; a similar question to-day would get a snappy come-back.

And if you ask me how I like being myself, the answer is "O.K."

ADA ADCOCK.

Windyridge,
Oakfield Road, London, S.W.19.

In Grandma's Time . . .

WHEN I was in service forty-five years ago I worked more than 100 hours a week and was paid at the rate of about a penny for three hours.

In 1893, when I was seventeen, I became the one servant in the household of a minister in a Scottish village. Every morning—except on Fridays, when the kitchen flues were cleaned out an hour earlier—I started work at six o'clock and finished at 9.30 p.m. I was allowed about five hours off duty a week.

My wages were £6 a year and I had to provide my own uniforms—two print dresses and a black dress with aprons, collars and cuffs.

First jobs of the day were to light fires in the kitchen, dining room and study, clean four pairs of boots, polish the front-door brass, and "do" the step.

By this time the big kettle was boiling, morning tea had to be made, hot-water cans filled and carried up to the master's room.

Then I would lay the table and prepare breakfast—I'd put on the porridge overnight.

By eight the minister, his wife and two children were down and I waited at table, eating my own breakfast in the kitchen in between times, and returning finally for prayers, which took a good quarter of an hour.

After prayers the day's work really began. Dish-washing, bed-making, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting—coals to be fetched up from the cellar, rugs to be shaken, the dinner vegetables to prepare.

Each morning there was some special job. Monday, of course, was washing day—and no wash-tub refinements in 1893, just yellow soap and good strong soda, and I had chapped hands for the rest of the week.

On Tuesday the sitting-room would be turned out, and on Wednesday the windows cleaned inside and out.

After lunch I changed into my black dress, putting on a big apron to trim and clean the oil lamps, chop wood and fill the scuttles, clean the knives and silver, and do darning and mending.

Finally, supper. Children to wash and put to bed, beds to turn down, hot-water bottles to fill, prayers—and, thank God, it's time for bed.

There was a ban on the family bathroom, so the servant had to bathe a bit at a time in her own wash-basin. Permission had to be got to post a letter. She never had a tablecloth in the kitchen.

A list of do's and don't's had to be obeyed that killed all freedom—killed everything, in fact, except hard work.

Yet the Manse was looked upon as a good "place" for a girl starting in service in my days.—K. D.

No easy job this—it keeps you busy from breakfast to bedtime

Eye-opener—

Among hundreds of Gardiner's recent ar from a Maid employ which neither blacker sets out the rea reas you what it is

IN my ten years' experience as a domestic servant I have had good jobs and bad ones. But I am sure it is the ordinary conditions, like those of my present position, which explain why so many mistresses cannot find maids or keep them.

To some people my complaints may seem trivial. No one could say I haven't a fairly comfortable home. I get better food than I could afford to buy for myself.

Perhaps my employers see faults in me, for no servant is perfect. But I know I work hard, I try to work well, and I think I earn my wages of 17s. 6d. a week as a cook-general.

What are my grievances? First, lack of privacy.

My kitchen, as in most houses, is between the hall and the scullery. It means that whenever the master and mistress wish to go to the yard they come through the kitchen to the back-door.

The master likes tinkering with his car. Rather than open the front-door and walk round the path, or cross the wet lawn from the drawing-room doors, he naturally prefers to dodge backwards and forwards through the room which I consider as my own.

At first he used to ask permission. I could not refuse it without appearing rude. Now he takes it for granted.

His only child, a schoolboy, trots in and out to fetch his toys from the dresser cupboards, or he may be bored and wants to talk with me.

We're quite good friends. But when I am writing a private letter or mending my clothes a small boy's inquisitive questions can be embarrassing and irritating.

Why don't I sit in my bedroom? For one thing, it is too cold. Besides, if the bell should ring for me I should not be able to hear it.

And the bell rings a lot, even at night, when dinner is over. This is my second grievance.

Nearly always the orders which spoil my only chance of recreation could be avoided if my employers realised how inconsiderate they seem to me.

"Ellen, would you mind running up to the second bedroom to fetch my work-basket?" "Ellen, the master's just remembered that he wanted to read an article in last night's paper; has it been destroyed yet?" "Ellen, it's turning chilly; I think we ought to shut the windows in Master Bobby's room."

Such things are all in the day's work. One expects them during the day. But in the evening I am tired and not only want a quiet hour, but need it.

Yet, in other ways, my employers are kindly and thoughtful. If I have a headache, I am at once given aspirin and told to lie down. I can invite the maid next door to tea, though I don't often manage to spare the time.

Radio Bugbear

My kitchen is fitted with a loud-speaker. Unfortunately, it is connected with the radio set in the drawing-room, which is very large.

So the volume which just fills the drawing-room makes my loud-speaker deafen me, while I may want to listen to variety when the set is tuned in to a concert.

Then there are the two dogs. They are well-behaved, and I recognise that it is only reasonable for their bed to be in the kitchen, close to the boiler fire.

The trouble is that I am constantly having to let them in and out, and their muddy paws make it impossible for me to keep the kitchen and scullery clean, and I am supposed to rub them down when they are wet.

I have flatly refused to do this. My view is that they should be cared for by their owners.

These may be petty matters. To a maid, however, they can be responsible for a good deal of resentment.

As for personal freedom, I suppose I am neither better nor worse off than most "generals." I always get Thursday afternoon and evening free. One Sunday I leave duty after tea, usually about half-past five or six; on the next I finish after luncheon, at two o'clock or a little later.

Some girls I know get one whole Sunday off a month, and this is generally the case where more than one maid is kept.

In small houses, mistresses are reluctant to spend a Sunday morning in making beds, tidying up and cooking.

My own mistress often helps to prepare the meals. Otherwise I should have to scamp the cleaning.

You see, the house consists of hall.

...ener for Mistresses —and Maids

...undreds of letters received by JOHN BULL following A. G. ...'s recent article, "The Riddle of Mary Jane," was this one ...aid employed in a district near London. Her simple account, ...ther blackens nor glosses over the disadvantages of her job, ...he real reasons for the shortage of domestic labour, and shows what it is really like to be a "general" at 2/6 a day.

by Ellen Smith

study, two reception-rooms, four bedrooms, kitchen and scullery.

So on four days of the week I have two rooms to clean thoroughly and the rest to mop and dust, while on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday there is time only for sweeping and dusting.

We have no charwoman, though a vacuum cleaner is used. I wash only small articles. None the less, I am busy from when I get up at seven almost until I go to bed at ten-thirty.

You may ask why I prefer to work so hard as a cook-general for half-a-crown a day than to be a servant in a big house for £65 a year, with fewer hours, more freedom and the company of other maids.

Well, for eight months I was a housemaid in a Kensington household. The wages were 25s. a week. Very good.

But the staff were crammed together in a small basement room, with only one weak light by which to read, write or knit.

Moreover, the home atmosphere was lacking. I felt I was just a servant. As a cook-general in a small house, even though you may be imposed upon, you think you are one of the family.

Often I did not see the mistress for days. "Callers" were forbidden. If a girl was visited by her young man—despite the presence of other members of the staff—she was liable to receive notice.

Marriage a "Crime"

Next door lived a titled gentleman who kept a butler. This man was discharged because it had been discovered that he had a wife. He had lost his previous position—that of butler to a duke—for the same "crime."

Whether these gentlemen thought he could not give them his entire attention as he was married, or whether they feared he might be tempted to pilfer to increase his wages, I have never understood.

I only know that when I last heard of him he was unemployed, merely because he had been so rash as to marry a decent woman who preferred home life to engaging in domestic service with her husband.

Now, I am not going to pretend that all maids are angels in uniform. I know that some have taken advantage of the domestic labour shortage to be "independent," careless and impudent.

They have got the reward they deserved—a month's notice. But I am sure, without being prejudiced because I am a servant myself, that the misdeeds of a few have been exaggerated out of all proportion by their mistresses.

To hear some mistresses talk, you might think that all girls were work-shy and had no intention of staying more than a month in any one situation.

What rubbish! They forget that it costs a servant money to change her job. They say nothing of their own behaviour which may provoke quite a good servant into rebellion.

Newcomer Bullied

A friend of mine has a girl of fifteen who has just entered service for the first time. She is a strapping, eager girl, much older than her years in every way.

Her letters tell of her plight. She has to rise at six in the morning to prepare the breakfast for a family of two and a staff of six, and to do all the kitchen work.

Because she is a newcomer, and young, she is imposed upon. When she was engaged, she was promised two hours' off duty each day, with possibly a day's holiday each month.

In seven weeks she has not received even a half day's rest, let alone a day. She never receives her two hours a day.

Instead, she is bullied and told she is lucky to have such a well-paid job. Well, she receives 8s. 4d. a week!

But I must say that in only one place have I been the victim of a bullying mistress, and I stayed with her just two months. In my next post, though, I made a friend of a little Welsh girl of sixteen, who was paid ten shillings a week and treated like a drudge.

Sometimes she was actually beaten. I have no shame in confessing that I bullied her myself—into taking another job, which I secured for her through a registry office.

Not long afterwards I left my own place, for I was treated far too much as "one of the family." That may seem strange, in view of what I have said; but I am sure every woman will understand.

My employers had a daughter not two years old. I came to love her. Indeed, I still think of her.

She loved me, too. She was a nervous baby, and often her crying disturbed her mother at night. I consented to her cot being placed in my room, with the result that I was deprived of rest.

Her mother could—and did—sleep for a couple of hours every afternoon. I could not. I lost weight, and, much as I loved the child, I had to ask for other arrangements to be made.

It led to such unpleasantness that eventually I had to get another job; yet, when the time came to pack my box, I wished I had held my tongue.

Later I went into a toy factory, earning on an average about 32s. a week.

The work was seasonal, my wages fluctuated, and, as I like security and a fixed income, I went back to service.

So here I am. Despite the arguments put forward by factory girls at the Domestic Services Exhibition, of which I have read in the papers, I am no poorer on my lower wages than when I had to pay for my own food and lodgings.

On the other hand, it is not very nice to see maids shown on the films as comic, half-witted slaveys who cannot speak two words of decent English, or to know that some young men think it degrading to be seen dancing with a girl who has to wear a rather foolish cap at her work.

In one situation I held the visits of my fiancé were objected to by my mistress.

She made insinuations which compelled me to be what she described as "impudent."

Then, when I was returning from my holiday, and did not get back till nearly midnight because my coach broke down, I found the door bolted.

Ban on Letters

Though it was opened after I rang three times, I was reprimanded in the morning, and told that in future I must not receive letters in a man's handwriting.

As an additional punishment, I suppose, I was no longer allowed to serve my own meals; my food was cut down.

That is why I am now accepting a smaller wage in a fresh job, where no such restrictions are raised and which is closer to my fiancé's home.

I should be all the happier if at least a couple of hours in the evening were reserved for my recreation —*in privacy*.

I should like at least one full day's holiday a week, and I should appreciate a proper wardrobe in my bedroom, instead of the curtained alcove in which I cannot keep my clothes properly.

Many girls, of course, have all these advantages.

A friend of mine not only has a perfect home, but receives a bonus of £1 at Christmas, £2 when she goes on her summer holiday, and even gets the price of her cinema seat each week.

From my own experience, I know that conditions have improved a good deal in the last ten years, but I think that they should be even better.

Next year, I expect, I shall be married and doing domestic work for myself. My training should prove useful.

Anyway, I shall not regret it, since it has taught me a lot about human nature as well as how to run a home.

Sir Walter Citrine
He wants a national union for maids

The Shadow of Things to Come

Soon, domestic servants may be going to college.

Provision is being made at Newnham College, Cambridge, for their training as housemaids, parlourmaids, linen maids and assistant cooks.

At the recent Domestic Services Exhibition in Westminster a contract was proposed between mistress and maid, to be signed by both parties at the time of engagement.

It stipulated:

Maids should have minimum of two hours' free time each day, two hours for meals, eight uninterrupted hours for sleep

Two half-day holidays every week. After twelve months' service, an annual holiday of fourteen days with pay and board allowance.

No fines for breakages. Bathing facilities.

Bedroom adequately furnished, with separate bed and wardrobe.

Every mistress would have to supply references as well as the maid, and would pledge herself to provide labour-saving devices in the house.

Most important of all, there may be a servants' union to enforce fair conditions.

The T.U.C. General Council is now investigating the possibility of such an organisation.

Evidence collected so far is a striking comment on the fairness of the picture presented by our reader "Ellen Smith."

One servant testifies: "After thirty years' experience I have found domestic service one grand wash-up and a wash-out. You jump at every bell that rings till you feel like an old fire horse."

A cook writes: "One morning the mistress found two dead rabbits in the grounds. She brought them to me to be cooked for the staff's dinner."

While the proprietress of a servants' agency declares that one girl whom she had placed in a job was forbidden by her employer to change her linen more than once a month.

The T.U.C. has not yet formulated its proposed regulations. Its enquiry is at present confined to London, where the greater proportion of Britain's million-and-a-half servants are employed, but it is hoped eventually to create a nation-wide union which will revolutionise domestic service.

★ Sequels to Great Novels *by Famous Authors* ★

LANCER IN LOVE

First she sat in front and I held her

Three famous stars, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell, brought to life that trio of friends McGregor, Forsyth and Stone whose adventures made "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" a best-selling novel. As a sequel, their creator tells you in this complete short story how romance changed the career of Stone, youngest of the three

by Major F. Yeats-Brown

IT was good to see Stone again.

Five years had passed since he was last home on leave, and the 41st Lancers had been on active service since then, settling accounts with that troublesome Fakir of Ipi on the North-West Frontier.

Also, the regiment had been winning some polo tournaments, the Inter-regimental and the Calcutta Cup.

So you can imagine that when he walked into the club library, where I was sitting after dinner, I had a good many questions to ask.

I ordered nightcaps, and gave him one of my long cigars. I asked him about McGregor's horse, and Stone told me that the old beast was still full of kick and corn, a veteran now, but by no means on the shelf.

And—but I must get on with my story.

Stone had been flying three days, from Delhi to London, and was rather white about the gills, but I could see that besides being tired he had something on his mind.

We used often to discuss his worries when we were in the 41st together. They were chiefly about women, whom he took much too seriously—for instance, that Russian dancer, who lured him to Mahomed Ali's fort, where McGregor died so gallantly. I felt certain he had a woman on his mind again.

"I hear you're going to the Staff College," I said. "Well, regimental life isn't what it was, and you're quite right to take your profession seriously."

Stone nodded. "It's all I have left in life," he said.

"Is it as bad as that?"

I knew there was something coming, by the way he looked at me.

"No one knows what I've been through," he began. "I mean, no Englishman. She was the talk of the Frontier, though. The first time I heard about her was from my Pushtu teacher. He called her the heavenly-eyed maid of Lughman Hakim."

"An Afridi! They're dangerous people to meddle with," I said.

"I wasn't meddling with anyone," Stone answered. "But dangerous she was, by what my Pushtu teacher told me. Her father had to send her away from Lughman Hakim because there were two chiefs who both wanted to marry her.

"She didn't want either of them, and of course that sort of thing always makes for trouble, especially in the Afridi country.

"Well, the *munshi* told me the story of the rival suitors, and how Hamidé's father—she was called Hamidé—had to send her to the Mission School in Peshawar, to get her out of the way. He took the story as a sort of text for teaching me those Persian idioms there are in Pushtu.

"You know the flowery ones, describing how easy someone is to look at? He said her eyes held the tumults of Doomsday, and her eyelashes were like feathers of Gabriel's wings, and so on . . .

★ ★ ★

"Of course, I had never seen her, but I had a vivid impression of her beauty when news came that she had been kidnapped by Bahadur the outlaw. Apparently he had been one of her suitors.

"He's an awkward gentleman to cross, and I don't blame her father for sending her away.

"Bahadur smuggled his gang into Peshawar one by one, as usual. It's impossible to prevent that sort of raid because Peshawar is such a big shopping centre.

"Anyway, he got away with a good deal of cash as well as the girl.

"My squadron was the special duty squadron for that month, and when the alarm came I can tell you it wasn't many minutes before the men were ready, in full service order."

"How many minutes?" I asked.

"Twenty, including getting out the ball ammunition, which takes a quarter of an hour, as you know."

"Good old 41st!"

"We haven't forgotten the days when you were Adjutant!" Stone has a graceful way of saying things.

"So, as I say," he went on, "we were trotting down the Matanni road twenty minutes after the alarm sounded.

"Hamzulla Khan was with me. He got news from a villager that the raiders had been seen at Asa Khel, three miles east of Matanni.

"When we got there we heard Bahadur had struck deep into tribal territory, where, of course, I wasn't supposed to go without leave from the Government of India.

★ ★ ★

"But I was determined to catch him, because I wanted to see what the heavenly-eyed maid was like. At midday we sighted them. They were travelling slowly because of their laden camels.

"I arranged to push on with six men, making a detour—so as to be able to lie in wait for them at the head of the Khaisora gully. Hamzulla was to follow with the main body and cut off their retreat.

"The plan worked. I reached the head of the gully at three o'clock, built a stone parapet commanding the path which followed the stream along the bottom of the valley, took ranges, and waited.

"The waiting was an awful business. We hadn't any water, and you know what the sun's like amongst those rocks.

"We were half-mad with thirst looking down on that stream, but we didn't dare to move for fear of giving our position away. I wouldn't care to be waiting to kill someone in this country. Out there it's different, especially when one's thirsty—have you ever laid an ambush?"

"Yes," I said. "The Frontier's a queer place!"

"We waited until six o'clock. I was beginning to think Bahadur must have taken another way. Then I saw the raiders coming along in single file, their rifles slung.

"There were six pack-camels with them, big Kabuli ones, tied nose to tail. It was a grand moment.

"Hamzulla, I knew, must be close behind. Bahadur was at our mercy. The seconds passed. Through my glasses I could see the whites of the raiders' eyes, but not their faces, for the ends of their black turbans were drawn across their mouths to keep out the dust.

"Still I waited, while they drew nearer and nearer, unconscious of their doom.

"Suddenly a shot rang out. I could have killed that man! But I don't think

(Continued on page 26)

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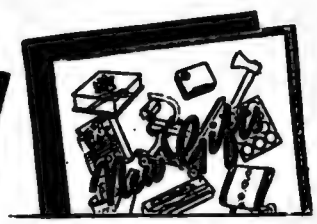

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BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

for better health, better coat, better spirits

LANCER IN LOVE

(continued from p. 24)

he pulled the trigger from treachery. We were all a bit delirious.

"I ordered rapid fire. It was the only thing to do. The raiders seemed to sink into the earth, but they couldn't hide their camels so quickly, and a couple of them were wounded.

"The range was seven hundred yards, too far to pick off the raiders effectively, even if they'd been visible. But, as I say, they seemed to sink into the earth, or rather into the rocks.

"If we'd waited another five minutes, as I'd intended, we'd have mopped them all up.

"However, there they were in front of us, and behind them I heard Hamzulla's machine-guns coming into action. There was a hell of a noise, and bullets were ricochetting everywhere. You know what it's like on that stony ground?

"In spite of our mistake, Bahadur seemed to be in a very tight corner.

★ ★ ★

"But not tight enough. I realised he wasn't answering our fire. I gave the order to advance.

"Just then one of the big camels, with a litter on its back, broke away from Bahadur's position and came stampeding towards us. One of my men caught it, but I hadn't time to stop just then.

"When I reached the stream I found Bahadur had disappeared. Vanished off the face of the earth. There's a side-door to the Khaisora gully that isn't shown on our maps. Bahadur knew of it, of course. So did Hamzulla, and he would have blocked it if we hadn't opened fire too soon."

Something of this I had heard before. Stone hadn't said that he had been mentioned in despatches for gallantry, and recommended for the Military Cross. What follows, however, is not on any official record.

"You can imagine I was pretty fed up, losing Bahadur like that," he continued. "However, after we'd all had a drink, I heard that we had captured the girl. My men found her in the litter of the wounded camel.

"She was a tall, slight figure; veiled, of course, and dressed all in black. When she saw me she said, '*La haula wala kowata illa billah!*'—'There is no Majesty or Power but in God!'"

"A well-educated girl," I observed, for few Afridis, let alone their women, can quote from the Koran.

"Educated! Can you imagine my surprise at what happened next? She slipped down her veil, and said in English, quite casually, 'Please take me home!'"

"I was staggered. She stood there smiling. Her eyes were very dark blue, and her skin milk-white."

Stone stopped, re-lit his cigar, and puffed in silence.

"Go on," I said at last. I think he had been going over memories he couldn't express or didn't want to tell me.

★ ★ ★

"I loved her," he said slowly. "Love at first sight. I took her back on my horse.

"She refused to ride; said she couldn't. But she seemed to like my carrying her.

"It was getting dark by then. *First she sat in front, and I held her.* Then she sat behind, with her arms round my neck.

"Her pulse was on my throat. But I won't try to tell you what I felt.

"She told me that her father had gone to Australia with a camel caravan, sometime about 1895, and had married there, as Pathans sometimes do.

"Her mother's name was Miriam—originally Mary, I suppose—and she had died last year in Lughman Hakim. Hamidé had learned English from her."

Again Stone paused.

"You tried to see her again, I suppose," I said, to break the silence, "in spite of the risk of getting a knife between your ribs?"

"I saw her again," he answered. "But it was she who made the date with me. Next evening she got leave from the Mission School to go to the bazaar, and came instead to my bungalow, heavily veiled.

"As soon as we were alone she showed her face. It was true what they said. Her eyes held all the tumults of Doomsday.

"You know what Peshawar's like in spring, when the almond trees are in bloom? I was in Paradise. Or next door to Paradise.

"She wanted to escape from Peshawar. Once out of the reach of her relations, she promised to write to me. She would take the train that night—the night mail to Delhi.

★ ★ ★

"Afterwards—but there was no time to discuss that. I couldn't expect her to realise that I might have to resign my commission.

"The main thing was to get her away quickly, for she had heard that her father was sending an escort to take her back to Lughman Hakim, where he'd have shut her up in his house until she had been married—probably to the rival chief.

"I wanted to take her to the station in my car, but she said no, she didn't want me to risk that. There would be less chance of detection if she went alone, in a pony-cart.

"So I gave her what little money I had in my pocket. She veiled herself, gave me her fingers to kiss, and melted away like a ghost."

"And you never saw her again?"

"Never. She got off the train two stations down the line, and eloped with an assistant stationmaster. I heard afterwards that they had been meeting in Peshawar for months. She sent back my money from Nowshera, in a typed envelope. Not even a word of thanks!"

"But, of course, she often thinks of you," I said, ringing the bell. "The least said, you know. . . . Now tell me about the Calcutta Cup!"

Stone had been playing in the regimental team, and naturally I wanted to hear about that. When the waiter came, I ordered the other half of our nightcaps.

Next week: An intensely human short story by Frank Swinnerton. He has been described as the Dickens of our day. The short story he has written specially for "John Bull" has many of the characteristics of the great novelist.

Stone, as portrayed by Richard Cromwell in the film "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

"Greatest of These"

Margaret

MARGARET was five and her sister three when their mother died eight years ago. Their ex-Service father has fought to keep the home together, but for the past two years has been unemployed.

"I am out at seven o'clock every morning and search for work all day, but I have no luck," he says. "I leave the children their meals and they manage.

"But my 25s. a week unemployment pay does not go very far between three of us—the youngest girl is not very strong—and debts are worrying me.

"I have thought of selling up and putting the children in a home. I hate the idea, but I seem to have reached a dead-end."

If readers can help Margaret's father over a very difficult stile, there is no reason why he should ever be parted from the two children for whom he has struggled so long. There is always hope he will find work and be able to carry on until the girls grow up.

* * *

Donations marked "Margaret," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"I see you've been using Min Cream on the gram. Just the same lovely polish as you have on the car."

"Yes, isn't 'Min' a wonderful help! It's so good for so many things. French polished furniture, the car, linen and for cleaning and polishing white enamel paint. It gives such a beautiful polish so quickly. I'm never without a tin of 'Min' now."

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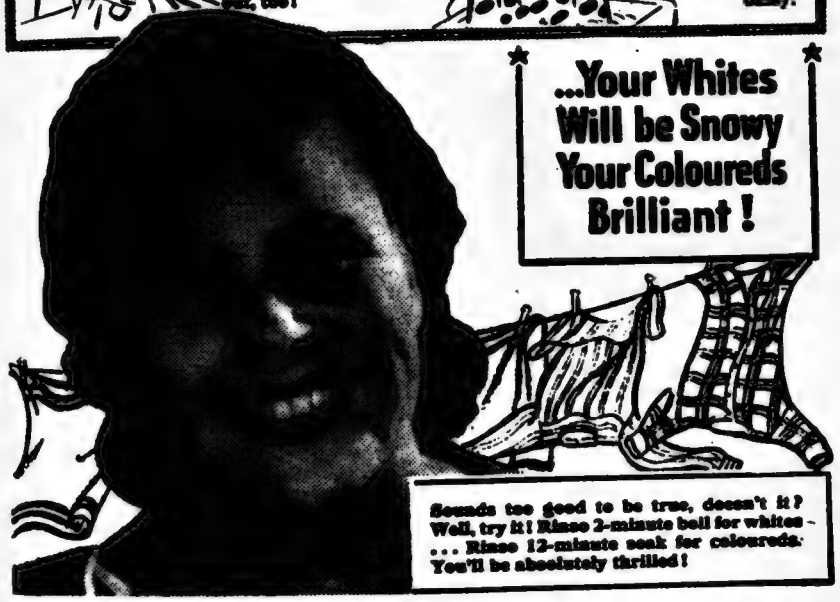
STOP ALL HARD RUBBING AND LONG BOILING ON WASHDAY!

Wash Clothes Brilliantly Clean Easily and in Half the Time!

Wrong!
It's wrong to boil your whites for 20 or 30 minutes. It wastes fuel . . . wastes time . . . fills the kitchen with steam and the nasty smell of boiling clothes.
Right!
Just give your whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Save time, save money on fuel . . . keep your kitchen clean-smelling and free from steam.
Wrong!
It's wrong to rub and scrub your coloureds to get them clean. Hard rubbing wears out fabrics . . . wears them thin and patchy. Hard rubbing wears you out, too!
Right!
Give your coloureds the Rinso 12-minute soak. It'll keep them bright as new. No hard rubbing! . . . that'll make them last much longer. That'll keep you fresh as a daisy.



...Your Whites Will be Snowy Your Coloureds Brilliant!

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? Well, try it! Rinso 2-minute boil for whites - . . . Rinso 12-minute soak for coloureds. You'll be absolutely thrilled!

BOILING CUT DOWN TO 2 MINUTES, SOAKING DONE IN 12 MINUTES! HARD RUBBING ENDED!

Clothes Washed Brilliantly Clean!

TIME saved! Work saved! Money saved! . . . every washday by women who are washing clothes the new, swift, easy way.

These women find that now they can reduce washing time almost by half . . . can get brilliant clothes-lines with absolute ease and yet with complete safety to colours, fabrics and hands.

Yet the two new methods are *easy:*

1. *The Rinso 2-minute boil.* Put the whites into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. No need to soak or rub them beforehand. Instead, just dampen any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little Rinso. Then bring the clothes to the boil, as usual. And boil them for only 2 minutes! You'll have dazzling results!
2. *The Rinso 12-minute soak.* Put the coloureds straight into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 minutes. Don't scrub them. They'll be bright as new!

You'll get all your clothes beautifully clean with no hard rubbing at all! Think what a saving of energy that is for you! And think how much longer your clothes will last. No hard rubbing to wear thin and patchy places in them! And Rinso's just as economical as it's quick! You don't need to use bar soap, flakes or any other washing powder with it.

And it's *safe*, too! The ideal thing for your finest silks and woollens is a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds.

Follow the lead of hundreds of thousands of women all over the country. Insist on easy, economical washdays. Insist on brilliant clothes-lines. Rinso will give you all these things; yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d a packet.

PROTECT THESE

THE dainty things in your wardrobe! How you treasure them! Yet if you wash them in ordinary flakes, soaps or powders . . . you can ruin them in a few washings. That's because when these ordinary soaps dissolve, they form a scum—especially in hard water. Scum clings to the surface of the fabric and can't be rinsed out. The hot iron works this scum into the fabric . . . it dims colours, causes streaky marks and steals the lustre and softness from the garment.

Rinso dissolves instantly. With Rinso there is no scum whatever. That's why your daintiest things are safe with Rinso.

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Learn how the most stubborn cases can be overcome and how soothing relief can be yours immediately you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure. Even whilst reading this an attack of Asthma or Bronchitis may cause you paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation and frantic struggles for breath. Why endure this suffering when Potter's Asthma Cure will enable you to enjoy life, go about your usual occupation and obtain restful and refreshing sleep, which is so essential to maintaining your strength? Don't hesitate then—go straight to your chemist for a tin of Potter's. Not till you have tried Potter's will you know what real relief is. Thousands of sufferers testify each year to the miraculous benefits they have received from it. Even Doctors recommend it after other so-called remedies have failed.

There is nothing harmful in Potter's Asthma Cure—just put a little in a saucer, ignite it and inhale. Soon a wonderful soothing and calming influence will be exerted and you will feel easier and more comfortable. It does not cause headache and cannot injure your health in any way.

Potter's Asthma Cure is equally beneficial for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough and all chest and lung troubles of children and adults. It is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free, 1/9.

TO ALL WORKERS

who by their occupation are unable conveniently to use Potter's Asthma Cure, we offer Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. They are the surest way of getting immediate relief. What is even more important is the fact that their continual use tends both to prevent and break the force of future attacks. Always carry a supply with you, smoke them at home or abroad. Obtainable from all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores.

Mr. A. F., of Lower Edmonton, N.9, writes:—"After many years of suffering from that horrible complaint Asthma, which compelled me to stop work, and trying all manner of different remedies without any relief whatever, I tried your Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture and got wonderful relief, and am now able to get a comfortable night's sleep, which I have not had for a long time, and am a different man. I sincerely hope that you will use this letter so that other poor sufferers can obtain the same benefit as I have had."

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POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,
60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1

Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

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John Bull 12/2/38 .....

Concluding

Underworld of the Big Cities (6)

Birmingham is a city of craftsmen and its crooks are among the most skilful in the country. There are night haunts, too, that rival those of London's West End

by Stanley Bishop

Race Gangs' Waterloo

Detectives warn off crooks before they can enter the race-course

IN its underworld Birmingham is more like London than any other provincial city.

That is because of its size, its cosmopolitan population, and the diversity of its industries.

Boast of the Midland capital is that its factories make everything which can be put together by machinery or hands—except ships. And, as a commentary on that exception, a Birmingham man will mention that they built the best barges for inland waterways.

Surely, then, it is only natural that Birmingham should have the best and worst criminals in the country—best from the point of skill; worst from the point of record. Yet, curiously enough, the figures of serious crime are not unduly high.

Liverpool, with a smaller population and area than Birmingham, had in a year 15,000 crimes known to the police. Birmingham for the same year had 5,000—a startling difference in totals.

Property reported as stolen in Birmingham during the last year for which a return is available was valued at approximately £20,000, of which no less than £12,000 worth was recovered. Value of property recovered in the city, but which was stolen in other districts, was nearly £3,000.

More than 91,000 "reports and informations requiring the attention of the Criminal Investigation Department" were received in twelve months—an indication of how Birmingham criminals travel and work away from their home base.

The Pass-word

Extraordinary things can happen in Birmingham, even in its wealthy and most respectable suburbs.

One morning I went to the City Police-court with the idea of getting a perspective of the average daily charge-sheet, and heard an amazing case.

It concerned a suburban house conducted by two young, well-educated women.

To gain admittance to the house a kind of ritual had been necessary. First, a call to a certain Birmingham telephone number, and the use of the phrase "I am a friend of the man who lent you the book."

Those words indicated that the prospective customer was in the secret and prepared to pay for "entertainment."

Information sent to the police about the hectic displays held behind locked doors led to a watch being kept.

Later, by arrangement with the informer, raiding policemen were admitted while a party was in progress. All the men present gave fictitious names and addresses and could not be afterwards traced. One used the name of a famous novelist.

Action was taken against the two women, who, when they appeared before the stipendiary magistrate, pleaded guilty to one of the charges. This plea was accepted—the other charges being waived—and they were fined for their offence.

I mention this case to show the outrageous vice traffic which can go on under the curtain of outward respectability in a great city like Birmingham.

From the police-courts one obtains the best measurement of a city's conduct—and Birmingham's courts are exceedingly busy. More than 28,000 individuals are dealt with in a year.

But in this police-court census Birmingham is again better than Liverpool and worse than Manchester. The comparable totals for those cities are: Liverpool 33,000, and Manchester 25,000.

One personal detail: the Birmingham police-courts are presided over by a learned stipendiary who is a peer of the realm—Lord Ilkeston.

All the crime and delinquency figures—except those for juvenile offenders—show an upward tendency in Birmingham as against three years ago. But the increase is no more than might be reasonably expected, considering the city's growth.

Not so long ago, Birmingham had a population of 910,000 and a street mileage of 650. To-day the population is approximately 1,100,000 and there are 850 miles of streets in the city area. Each constable of the Birmingham force has to look after 650 people.

So quickly is Birmingham growing that it has been found necessary to increase the police force. Another three hundred men have been sanctioned and are being gradually recruited and passed through the city's police school.

Now a point of criticism. Birmingham—so up to the minute in its general police administration—does not possess a radio-equipped fleet of motor-cars. Yet the efficiency of a wireless flying squad has been proved.

No Radio Squad

Birmingham C.I.D. can challenge comparison in results with that of the Metropolis or any other city—some Birmingham detective-sergeants would be first-class inspectors anywhere else.

But the latest report of Mr. Cecil Charles Moriarty, the Chief Constable, makes no reference to the greatest aid to crime prevention and criminal catching—wireless communication.

Although the city is bound up with the motor-car industry, the police-car equipment might be considered as inadequate by other areas.

Nor is the city ringed with police telephone-boxes, despite the agreed value of such an installation.

Police-boxes are confined principally to the jewellery factory district in the centre of the city, where there is an incalculable amount of valuable property to tempt the skilled burglar.

Even on the main road exits from Birmingham there is no cordon of police telephone-boxes. This to a lay observer seems remarkable.

Chief constables in other great cities such as Liverpool and Glasgow emphasise the value of radio and telephone boxes. Birmingham remains silent on both questions.

Doubtless Birmingham has a devastating answer to criticism. For Birmingham has never lacked argument to prove its own quality and wisdom.

Talking with Birmingham police officers, I asked about the night haunts of the city.

"Just a few night cafés," they said, "but we have these places always under our hand. Generally, after eleven o'clock at night, Birmingham is dead. Everybody goes home."

Night Rendezvous

The same night I went exploring with a companion who was also a visitor to the city. Without any trouble, we discovered a rendezvous where there was dancing and drink was being sold until the early hours of the morning.

No question was raised about our entry. We were not even asked for an admission fee. We just went in, to find a crowded bar and supper room and an equally crowded dance floor.

There was an excellent band, good food, any amount of intoxicating drink—if one cared to buy it—young women ready to dance—and no questions asked.

It was brighter and better than even the most ambitious London "bottle party," and the prices charged for re-

(Continued on page 32)

How the days dragged; life was weariness itself. But Beechams Pills have changed all that. Now she is full of cheer, looking years younger. You, too, should take Beechams Pills! Let them purify your blood, strengthen your digestion, and renew your happiness. Get a box to-day. *Sold everywhere.*

NOW cheerful and smiling after taking

BEECHAMS PILLS

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Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

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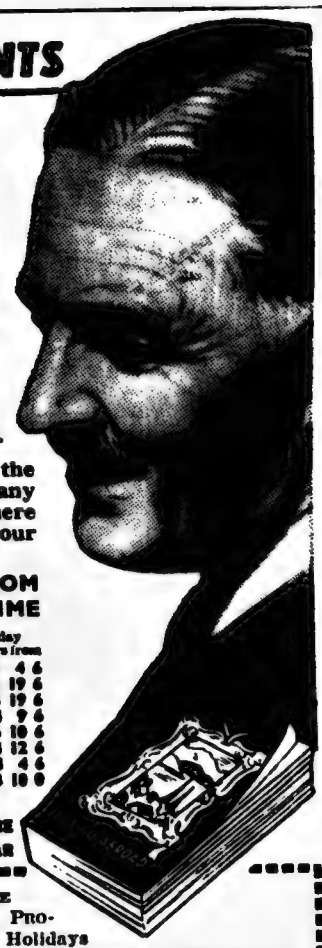
GREAT EXTENSION OF POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

FOR 1938 YOUR JUBILEE YEAR— MY PROGRAMME OFFERS YOU

Exciting new plans for holidays abroad

says Commander R. G. STUDD, D.S.O., R.N.



THIS is the Jubilee year of Polytechnic holidays and we are marking the occasion by embarking on a big policy of expansion and offering our many friends a wonderful programme that surpasses all that have gone before. There will be more trains, more hotels, more delightful places to visit and more of our friendly English holiday hosts to see that you have a jolly good time.

The holiday of your life

WHAT FUN IT IS TO PLAN

What fun it is to plan the holiday of your dreams from the Polytechnic programme. Let us suppose you choose to go to the Polytechnic Chalets, Lucerne.

AND WHAT AN EASY JOURNEY

Special trains; reserved seats; with English representatives—friendly people like yourself—accompanying you all the way to see that all goes smoothly.

Arrived at our lovely 100-acre estate on the shores of Lake Lucerne you find yourself among a happy house party. The hosts are charming people. Your room is spotless with box-spring mattress and eider-down on your bed.

NEW HAPPINESS EVERY DAY

Every day something new and exciting is arranged. A new exploration across the Lake. A visit to old Lucerne. (Your holiday can include a first class season ticket on the lake steamers and a ticket on town bus.) Or a wonderful coach excursion.

A HOLIDAY YOU WILL NEVER FORGET

And so your holiday draws to a close. But it will remain in your heart as long as you live. For evermore you will be the richer for your Polytechnic holiday.

Cheaper Swiss Holidays

Prices for Swiss holidays are the lowest for 24 years! Around Lake Lucerne you now get a choice of enchanting centres, all linked by the lake steamer season ticket which we have arranged for you.

Our walking and climbing centres this year include the delightful little town of Kandersteg in the Bernese Oberland where we are making very special arrangements for walks, climbs and Alpine flower excursions.

World-famous Spas

In addition to all the old favourites (with which we are still including season tickets on the Rhine steamers) we have added new resident centres at the two world-famous spas, Wiesbaden and Bad Ems.

New low-priced holidays in France include Rouen, the romantic old Normandy city; Tours in the charming Chateaux country, and exclusive Aix-les-Bains in the Savoy Alps.

The Belgian Seaside

Notice that prices for complete 9-day holidays to Belgium are now from as low as £3 . 19 . 6. Again we have arranged for you a season ticket on the coastal tramways and exemption from bathing tax.

Prices are really inclusive

Each of our prices includes everything to ensure a complete, comfortable holiday—return fares by land and sea, reserved seats on trains, good hotel accommodation with three meals a day, the friendly help of our English staff while travelling and of our resident hosts at the centres. Tips, too, are included. Many prices also include special facilities to help you enjoy your holiday to the full.

Send for my Programme

But I must leave my Jubilee programme to give you all the wonderful details. You will delight in looking at its beautiful coloured pictures and in planning the holiday of a lifetime. Put the coupon into an envelope now—before you forget.

★ SOME PRICES FROM THE NEW PROGRAMME

	Centres with Resident Hosts	9-day Tours from
SWITZERLAND	18	£6 4 6
Including lake steamer ticket		£6 19 6
BELGIUM	10	£3 19 6
Including special facilities		£4 9 6
GERMANY	13	£6 10 6
FRANCE *(8 days)*	8	£4 12 6
ITALY	6	£8 4 6
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FREE POST NOW FOR THE HOLIDAY BOOK OF THE YEAR

PLEASE SEND ME A FREE COPY OF YOUR 1938 PROGRAMME OF (1) Easter Holidays Abroad (2) Summer Holidays Abroad (3) Holidays at Home (4) Cruises (Cross out Programme NOT required.)

NAME.....
P.9(N) (Please write clearly, using CAPITAL LETTERS)

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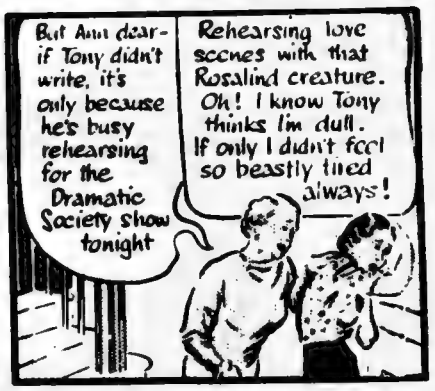
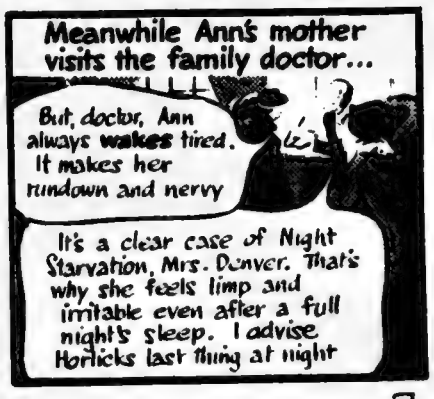
EXTRA COMFORT . . . EXTRA HAPPINESS

LOVER COME BACK...


But Ann dear - if Tony didn't write, it's only because he's busy rehearsing for the Dramatic Society show tonight
Rehearsing love scenes with that Rosalind creature. Oh! I know Tony thinks I'm dull. If only I didn't feel so beastly tired always!

That night. Ann acts as prompter.
Rosalind makes a divine heroine.
I wonder Tony hasn't fallen for her
Funny his being so keen on Ann - she always looks so dreary and worn out!

Tony - was it necessary to kiss her quite so passionately - everyone noticed!
Really - what fantastic nonsense! You're behaving like an over-tired child, Ann!


Meanwhile Ann's mother visits the family doctor...
But, doctor, Ann always wakes tired. It makes her rundown and nervy
It's a clear case of Night Starvation, Mrs. Denver. That's why she feels limp and irritable even after a full night's sleep. I advise Horlicks last thing at night

YOUR doctor will tell you — if you wake tired, suffer from 'nerves' and debility — to take Horlicks, a hot cupful regularly each night! Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Use the mixer, it makes Horlicks twice as nice. Prices 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

Guards against Night Starvation

COULD YOU FIND A BETTER WAY OF SPENDING £3 A WEEK?

"I'm determined to give my children every advantage,"
says Mrs. Salmon, of Chingford

THAT'S WHY SHE GIVES THEM ROWNTREE'S COCOA — IT AIDS DIGESTION

"MY BUDGET shows you how I spend my family income," says Mrs. Salmon, of Chingford.

"It's not a large income — but I'm determined to give my children every advantage I can. Of course I'm specially careful about their food. I want them to get real nourishment.

MRS. SALMON'S WEEKLY BUDGET

	£ s. d.
Rent	1 5 0
Coal	2 6
Gas	3 0
Clothes club	3 0
Insurance	3 6
Food	1 0 0
Husband's fares, etc.	3 0
TOTAL	£3 0 0

"For one thing, I always give my family Rowntree's Cocoa with their meals. I've found that it helps the children to digest their food, so that their meals do them more good. My two eldest have a long walk to school, but with Rowntree's Cocoa to build them up it's never tiring. Just see how well they look — I think that's partly due to Rowntree's Cocoa."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps children to digest all their other food as well and get more body-building nourishment.

Meals with Rowntree's give children extra supplies of energy, and build up their bones, muscles and tissues more quickly. So make sure you get Rowntree's Cocoa.

"... *Margery Daw*," Albert (8), Jean (6), and Leonard (3) on a see-saw. Fine, sturdy children — thanks to Rowntree's, says their mother.

* * *

FREE! DART BOARD AND 3 DARTS

THIS and hundreds of other valuable free gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) Dept. CR 40, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet containing Free Voucher value three coupons.

Race Gangs' Waterloo

Houses are scarce, so "Key-money Racket" has sprung up

Mr. Cecil Moriarty, Birmingham's Chief Constable

freshment were the normal hotel prices.

As I left, I decided that some Birmingham policemen were sadly ignorant of the night life of their own city.

Of the night cafés there is little to be said. They are dull and dismal and frequented by the outcasts of both sexes who are on the fringe of the criminal community.

Usually detectives make a round of these cafés each night to see if there is anyone there they need to detain for some petty robbery.

Any article on the Birmingham underworld must include the once notorious "Birmingham Boys."

Worst of the race gangs, they terrorised racegoers in all parts of the country, intimidated and blackmailed bookmakers.

They robbed punters with violence; were accomplished pickpockets and card-sharpers. They were a peril to ordinary citizens, and a disgrace to the city.

To-day, the police have driven them from their haunts, broken up the gang.

Birmingham race meetings, I was assured, are more orderly than any in the country. If a visitor drops his wallet in the silver ring he is certain to have it returned to him by a polite stranger. Pickpocket experts and toughs do not try to gain admission to the course. They see watchful detectives standing by the gates, and turn away regretfully, knowing they have been spotted. Times are bad for the race-gang fraternity.

Because of its dignity as chief city and business centre for the Midlands, Birmingham attracts a high proportion of investment defrauders, employment swindlers, and crooked agents of infinite variety.

They set up their offices, secure their quick gains, and vanish when dissatisfied clients begin to lodge complaints with the authorities.

In the files of JOHN BULL Investigation Department are innumerable dossiers filled with evidence of this underworld activity.

One case of importance is, I know, now being handled by the city's police. When action is completed it will be possible to recount full details of the activities of a hardened swindler.

Last year there were ninety-seven different instances of fraud known to the Birmingham police, and no fewer than 230 cases of long-firm frauds, or obtaining goods by false pretences.

An authoritative opinion was expressed to me that crimes of the cruder sort are encouraged by housing conditions and overcrowding in parts of the city.

For all that Birmingham is so admirably governed and has such a high civic sense, it still possesses slum areas of a disgraceful kind.

There are, it is said, 1,000 dwellings in the middle and older part of Birmingham which are deemed unfit. Here the people of the underworld exist, and at night prowl, making their thieving raids.

Houses within a mile of the city's centre have only two or three rooms apiece. Some are a century old.

They have no decent sanitary arrangements, light and air space is inadequate for health, and each house looks out on a narrow, paved court shared by another. Whole families have to sleep in one tiny room.

Respectable people who endeavour to move away from these inhuman, vice- and crime-breeding conditions, are faced with the difficulty of getting other homes within reasonable distance of their work.

Shortage of houses is acute. And also a section of property owners and agents in Birmingham have developed an intensive "key-money racket."

To enter another house a man must make a bonus payment. He is victimised. "We will let you have another place in which to live," says the agent, "but you must buy the fittings and fixtures."

An extortionate sum is demanded.

I was given one example of an ingoing tenant being forced to pay £6 for stuff which even a rag-and-bone man would not buy. Actually, the tenant *had to pay again* for the equipment of the dwelling to be removed for destruction.

If the Birmingham City Council—with its good government and achievements in other ways—would expedite the clearing of slums, crime figures for the city would show a sharp decline.

Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

I HAVE been taken to task by a correspondent. He writes: "You are always talking about form probabilities, but none of your systems considers the league tables. Surely these are the best form summaries you can hope for . . .?"

Well, I agree that the league tables do summarise what has happened this season, but as a guide to *current* form they are completely unreliable.

Particularly have I noticed this when making up my Graded Guide, which is based on current form by allotting points to each team according to the merits of their *recent* performances.

At this stage of the season, when past and present form is all mixed up together in the league tables, I often find that improvement in form, as shown by the figures used for the Graded Guide, is not reflected in the league tables at all.

For this reason, among others, I do not recommend using these tables to assess comparative form.

Instead, I am giving some notes of the recent form of the league teams, compiled from data that I use for the Graded Guide.

Strong First Division teams at present are Manchester City, Wolves, Charlton, Middlesbrough, Brentford, Arsenal and Portsmouth, in this order.

Manchester and Portsmouth are the most improved teams, with Middlesbrough a good third.

All three are in *the lower half of the league table due to poor form earlier in the season.*

See how these tables can mislead you?

Consistent, medium-strength teams are Preston, Sunderland, Leeds, Stoke and Grimsby. Leeds are probably past their best form, and injuries to players may make Stoke's form uncertain. Sunderland, incidentally, are my fancy for the Cup.

Blackpool, Everton, Leicester, Liverpool and West Bromwich must be classed as erratic. Liverpool easily takes first place as a coupon-wrecker.

Recent form in Division II indicates Aston Villa, Manchester U., Bradford, Tottenham and Sheffield as the strong teams.

Bury, Chesterfield and West Ham are the medium-strong, showing signs of improvement, and Barnsley, Burnley and Sheffield Wednesday are also consistent.

Norwich, Stockport and Southampton are erratic, and Coventry, Luton and Newcastle are losing ground. Although Coventry are well up with the leaders, their recent record is very poor.

Lowly-placed clubs that are improving are Fulham, Notts Forest and Plymouth. Swansea and Blackburn Rovers have poor records and are not bettering them.

I shall have to defer consideration of the other divisions until next week, but these notes show quite definitely that the league tables do not give reliable indications of current form.

More than that, the notes I have given should be a definite help to you when making your forecasts.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, February 12, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

100 Celtic v. Nithsdale W.	36 Airdrie v. Brechin.	17 Sunderland v. Bradford.
63 Q.P.R. v. Bristol R.	34 Watford v. Millwall.	16 Stenhouse v. Motherwell.
50 Aberd'n v. St. Johnstone.	32 Port Vale v. Wrexham.	13 Darlington v. Hartlep'ls.
49 Falkirk v. St. Mirren.	31 Liverpool v. Huddersfield.	11 Grimsby v. Birmingham.
48 Carlisle v. Bradford C.	30 Southend v. Mansfield.	10 Charlton v. Aston Villa.
46 Rangers v. Queen of S.	23 Arsenal v. Preston N.E.	9 West Ham v. Sheffield W.
43 Gateshead v. Hull.	22 Notts C. v. Cardiff.	8 Bristol C. v. Reading.
41 Raith R. v. Edinburgh C.	22 Leeds v. W.B.A.	7 Burnley v. Barnsley.
39 Bournemouth v. Walsall.	21 Brentf'd v. Manch'ter U.	6 Gillingham v. Aldershot.
38 Kilmarnock v. Hearts.	20 East Fife v. Dundee U.	4 Coventry v. Newcastle.
37 Partick v. Cowdenbeath.	19 Newport v. Crystal P.	3 Clapton O. v. Torquay.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Swansea v. Notts F. 1	Southampton v. Blackburn. 9	Queen's P. v. Ayr U. 29
Exeter v. Swindon. 2	Leicester v. Bolton. 10	Ross C. v. Albion R. 30
Bury v. Fulham. 3	Hamilton v. Forfar. 11	Chelsea v. Portsmouth. 33
St. Bernards v. King's P. 4	Derby v. Blackpool. 12	Chester v. Doncaster. 36
Chesterfield v. Spurs. 5	Crewe v. Barrow. 21	Montrose v. Dumbarton. 41
Brighton v. Northampton. 6	Oldham v. Lincoln. 22	N. Brighton v. Tranmere. 64
Rotherham v. Rochdale. 7	Larbert A. v. Morton. 27	Luton v. Manchester C. 68
York v. Middlesbrough. 8	Accrington v. Southport. 28	

GIVES A HARD-WEARING, HIGH-GLOSS FINISH THAT WILL NOT CHIP AND RESISTS SCRATCH.

TINS 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

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The MIGHTY ATOM

All meat dishes, enriched with Oxo, are as tasty and nutritious as the rich goodness of beef can make.

Oxo encourages appetite and sound digestion, and makes other foods more nutritious by ready assimilation.

Adds Strength!
Adds Flavour!

OXO

3/38

THE
GOODNESS OF BEEF

Cherry Blossom Rhymes

"What pretty wee feet!" Prince Charming cried
As Cinderella the slipper tried.
"So very unlike your ugly sisters
Whose feet seem nothing but corns and blisters."
"But" said Cinders, "you see I use
Cherry Blossom daily on my shoes.
It makes them supple and soft to the feet
And keeps them so comfy, so smart, so neat."

The DAILY polish with
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
only takes a minute and makes shoes look their best

CB/JC/3

I didn't dream anything could bring back my strength so quickly as Hall's Wine!

IF YOU'VE been dragged down by a COLD, 'FLU or BRONCHITIS—don't resign yourself to a long, risky period of half-health. When you're weak after these illnesses, a relapse or fresh infection is doubly dangerous, especially in winter.

Hall's Wine brings you quick recovery—that's why it has been recommended by doctors for fifty years. Hall's Wine nourishes and enriches your blood impoverished by illness. Hall's Wine re-energizes and revitalizes your entire system, fortifies your heart and strengthens every organ in your body. Quickly it floods your arteries and veins with new health and vigour—actually starts to do you good in body and mind *within thirty seconds after taking*.

Just a wineglassful of Hall's Wine two or three times daily—and your strength comes back like magic! In an amazingly short time you glow with vigour and vitality, you have the strength to defy winter's attack on your health. Unlike superficial tonics, Hall's Wine builds *permanent* strength, helps to prolong life. Don't risk delay—start taking it now.

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From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

THE FINEST DEFENCE—BUILD UP VITAL RESISTANCE

SCIENCE has not yet discovered a *cure* for Influenza. But medical men unanimously agree that the finest *defence* against it is to develop a high state of bodily resistance. Nothing is more effective than Hall's Wine in toning up and energizing the vital defences of the body to resist the dangers of winter infection.

HALL'S WINE

The tonic that brings quick, lasting recovery from
COLDS, COUGHS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS AND ALL WINTER ILLS

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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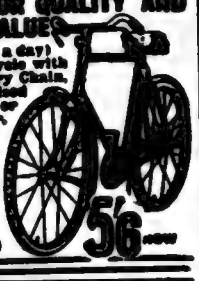

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £6:16:0 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey Archer Three-Speed Gear £8:11:0 Terms 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

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without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

My Favourite Hero

I Can't help Loving that CRUSOE!

by Margaret Lane

Crusoe became glamorous when Douglas Fairbanks played the role in a Hollywood film.

MY first acquaintance with that disreputable and endearing castaway Robinson Crusoe was made many years before I had read Defoe's book. Indeed, I dare say I was too young to read at all.

But the village where Crusoe's prototype, Alexander Selkirk, was born was only a mile and a half away along the Fife coast, and we used to go to Largo as often as we could, with sandwiches in a basket and pennies for mutton-pies and ginger-beer at the little shop.

Largo, more than twenty years ago, was much what it is to-day—a fishing village that minds its own business all winter and in summer is invaded by visitors who play golf and sit on the sands and listen to the pierrots.

Winter and summer, however, Alexander Selkirk is always there, staring out to sea from his niche in the wall of a cottage in the main street.

And the yellow plaster-faced house on the corner of the harbour where the pierrots perform is the Crusoe Hotel, a sea-battered little building where in my uninformed youth I always supposed the castaway had stayed.

So Crusoe, through no merit of his own, has with me this advantage over all other fictional heroes. He was the first one I knew.

Later, when I was old enough to read his adventures, I found him so much a hero after my own heart that I never got over him.

To me the castaway is always the most romantic of adventurers, and Crusoe was and always will be the first and best of them.

The man, I admit, is not what you would call a polished specimen. Certainly he is not fit to present in anybody's drawing-room. The conical hat of goat-skin, the waistcoat and breeches of the same, the saw and hatchet dangling from his belt, the basket on his back, the gun on his shoulder, the "great clumsy ugly goat-skin umbrella" protecting his poor head from the sun, are not the equipment of a dandy—but, good heavens!

He had been already seven and twenty years on a desert island, where he had been cast in the year 1659 with no better equipment than a knife, a tobacco pouch and a little tobacco, and in the years of his solitude had become his own tailor, carpenter, huntsman, cook and farmer.

It is Crusoe's undefeatable ingenuity that makes me love him.

Of course I have to admit that being a castaway, and on a desert island at that, is a great point with me in Crusoe's favour, for I am one of those people to whom the very word "island" has an unexplained and magical fascination.

I can't explain it, but the enchantment is strong; and Crusoe's island, being remote, Pacific and uninhabited, has everything to recommend it.

He was wrecked there, as you remember, in the year 1659, sole survivor of a discreditable expedition whose purpose, I am sorry to say, was slaving.

From the moment that Crusoe crawls exhausted on to the rocks of his desert island to that startling morning twenty-seven years later when he finds Friday's footprint in the sand, his adventures have the same anguished interest for me as if they were my own and I found myself in his castaway predicament.

★ ★ ★

To poor Friday, brought by cannibals in a canoe to make a hot-pot and rescued by Crusoe, I am not very partial, for though Crusoe was glad enough to have him as a handy-man, the island loses some of its sinister charm when Crusoe is no longer alone.

He is best companioned only by the dog which swam with him from the ship, and became in the course of years "very old and crazy, having found no specimen to multiply his kind upon."

Also his tamed parrot, that learned to cry "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe!" from the trees; his wild goats that he "bred up tame," and his two cats, descendants of the ship's pets, that "sat one on one side of the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand."

Crusoe dosed his fevers with tobacco soaked in rum, and set about making himself as comfortable as possible in his disheartening situation.

Before the wreck was quite broken up he swam out to her almost daily, bringing away all that he could carry, and with the few poor tools at his disposal began to make himself a respectable home.

★ ★ ★

Now, this is what I love about the man. He may, in his irresponsible youth, have been a slaver; he may have been a rough sailor and a castaway; but at heart he was a domestic character.

So I follow every detail of his home-making with a more passionate anxiety than I could accord Napoleon through his most brilliant and dangerous campaigns.

That hut he built himself, protected by a high stockade and flanked by a cave serving him for kitchen and cellar; the table and chair he worked for weeks to make, "for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world."

His ingenious storage of gunpowder; the months of laborious experimenting with clay before he stumbled on the secret of firing the rough basins for stewing his goat's-flesh; the careful sowing and husbanding of a few grains of barley saved from the wreck.

All the trials and errors before he learned to make bread; his patching together of dried goatskins when his clothes were worn from his body—these are more exciting, more full of suspense and ultimate triumph than the civilised adventures of a dozen sophisticated heroes.

But Crusoe was not so unsophisticated, either, if it comes to that. You remember how, when he was salvaging what he could from the wreck, he came upon some English money to the value of £36, some pieces of eight and other gold and silver.

"'O drug!' said I aloud, 'what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee: even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving.' However, upon second thoughts, I took it away. . . ."

★ ★ ★

Again, when after twenty years a Spanish treasure ship runs on the rocks, he gets what he can from her, even to the shoes from the feet of the drowned men.

"Upon the whole, I got very little by this voyage," he says, "for as to the money, I had no manner of occasion for it; 'twas to me as the dirt under my feet. . . . Well, however, I lugged that money home to my cave." I like to think that when he was finally rescued he sailed for England with a comfortable bank balance.

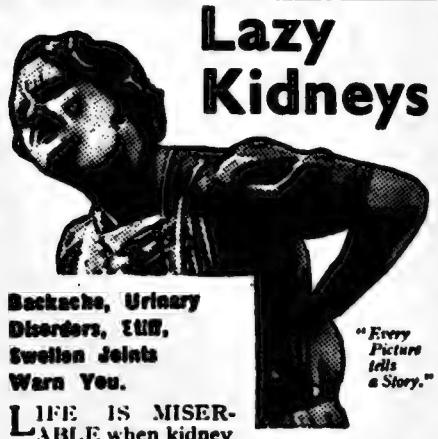
His charming kindness to the cannibal Friday almost reconciles me to his unwelcome appearance on Crusoe's island. He cures him of his taste for human meat by appearing very angry, expressing his abhorrence, and making "as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it"; and sets to work to clothe the naked savage in as international and democratic a spirit as you could wish.

By the time that a few more people have been wrecked on the island, alas! it loses its magic. Crusoe is no longer alone, and after twenty-seven years of enchanted solitude rescue is imminent.

Defoe gave his hero two more volumes, in which he goes from dull to worse, ending up with "serious reflections" and a "vision of the angelic world"; but I for one don't believe it.

When it comes to that point I transfer my allegiance to Crusoe's real original, Alexander Selkirk, who, after his rescue and return to his native village of Largo, found civilised life and his aged parents intolerable.

So he built himself a grotto in his father's garden, where he lived and died in the greatest possible discomfort, refusing to speak civilly to sightseers and never ceasing to regret his desert island.



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LIFE IS MISERABLE when kidney action is sluggish and is failing to clean your blood. You probably have backache, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, swollen limbs, or stiff, painful muscles and joints. Don't wait until you are laid up, but take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, now. This special kidney medicine acts upon the kidneys just as a laxative acts upon the bowels, stimulating the kidney system and destroying bacteria in the urine. By making the kidneys well Doans Pills have restored the joy of living to thousands of grateful men and women.

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Mrs. M. Lloyd, 501, Stapleton Road, Bristol, says:—"I was laid up for six weeks with inflammation of the bladder. The urine was full of gravel, relief was painful. I was nervy, had a constant aching back and stiff and painful joints. I have to thank Doans Backache Kidney Pills for ending my weeks of pain. Upon using them my health began to pick up and now my health is excellent.

(*Signed*) M. Lloyd."

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Nottingham.

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The root cause of all the trouble is the fact that *the nervous system is starving*—the nerve-tissues are crying out for those vital food-elements that will restore wasted tissues and replace expended energy. "MEDOPHYLL" alone can supply in a natural form *all* those vital substances. Send at once for a trial bottle of this new *natural* health-restorative and prove its beneficial effects.

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"MEDOPHYLL" Concentrate is available only in tablet form—price 3/- per bottle of 72 tablets, a twelve-day supply. It may be taken with perfect confidence in the treatment of the following:—NERVOUS DISORDERS, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, NEURASTHENIA, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and NERVOUS HEADACHES; LOSS OF APPETITE, MALNUTRITION, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY; CARDIAC WEAKNESS; DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION and GASTRIC DISTURBANCE of nervous origin; SKIN TROUBLES, ECZEMA, ACNE, CHILBLAINS, etc. The tablets are particularly beneficial for convalescents and growing children.

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We are so confident that "MEDOPHYLL" Tablets can bring you new health that we willingly give you this guarantee: Take one bottle of "MEDOPHYLL" Tablets, exactly in accordance with the directions enclosed. If, at the end of this twelve-day period, you honestly feel that you have derived no benefit, send the empty bottle back to the makers, and your money will be returned in full, without question or argument.

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Don't risk delay! Send the Coupon below and get your FREE COPY of this valuable Booklet. It gives new and vital information on this all-important subject of Food and Health, Vitamins and Minerals—facts of equal interest to the healthy and the ailing. It tells you how to follow this simple NATURAL way to renewed health and strength. GET IT TO-DAY!

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Owing to the time required for the proper cultivation and development of the essential raw materials, the supply of "MEDOPHYLL" must, for some time, be strictly limited. As it is impossible, at this stage, to produce sufficient stocks for general distribution, "MEDOPHYLL" Tablets can, at present, be obtained only from the actual manufacturers, "R.G." FOODS (DERBY) Ltd., HATTON, DERBY.

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Print in BLOCK Capitals. For Booklet only, post in unsealed envelope with halfpenny stamp.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips preparation of Magnesia.

KEEP FIT . . . RULE No. 1
Good wholesome home-made food

Try this good wholesome savoury dish—

POTATO PASTIES

6 oz. butter. 2 teaspoons BORWICK'S.
½ lb. flour. ½ lb. to ¾ lb. cooked potatoes.
Cooked meat. Tomato sauce.

Rub butter into flour. Add baking powder, stir in the sieved potatoes. Mix a stiff dough with cold water. Roll out and cut into ovals. Lay the seasoned meat, moistened with tomato sauce, on one half, then flap the top half over. Pinch together, prick with fork. Bake a light brown.

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

THE NEW WAY TO STOP A HEADACHE

"Alkalizing" Ends Headaches, Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Colds.

When you've got a Headache it's a sure sign of too much acid in your system. It may be through worry, over-work, too much rich food, over-eating, over-drinking, over-indulgence. Now you can get quicker and more wonderful relief than you ever dreamed of. Science has combined the three ingredients doctors have used separately for years.

Just ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets. Drop one in a glass of water and it makes a sparkling, bubbling, alkalizing drink which immediately sets to work to neutralize the excess acids in the system. These 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets bring wonderful relief from Headaches and all sorts of troubles due to Excess Acidity.

'Alka-Seltzer' is remarkably effective, too, in cases of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Colds and all complaints due to excess acidity.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-). If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1927)

Its slow burning coolness and pleasant aroma are very remarkable. 1/1½d. per oz. Blended by A. GALE & CO., LTD., 1, Dundas Street, Glasgow, C.1.

Human Documents
by Philip Inman

Job that Bars Babies

MOST of us come to cross-roads on the journey of life. And often we are puzzled which road to take. Here is a letter from a married woman who tells me she has a little girl nearly two years old. She continues:—

My husband is in regular work, but his pay is so small that we are only able to manage by very careful living. We have just been offered a post as caretakers in London, which has excellent prospects and good living accommodation. But there is a ban that we should not be expected to have any more family.

Do you think the extra money and the chance to educate our little girl would be worth our taking it? When we married we did not intend to have an only child, and we are both young with a clean bill of health.

I can understand that this offer sounds very tempting to my correspondent and her husband. But I could not possibly advise her to accept it with such a restriction.

If either of them had a health disability, or if there was some definite reason why their family should be limited to one, it would be different.

As they are both strong and healthy, I think that such a restriction would be very unfair. It might lead to unhappiness in the future.

With the views they hold about the only child, they might grow to envy those lucky people who were able to have two or even more children.

I suggest that, if there is no chance of promotion in this man's present job, he should look for other work where such an unreasonable ban would not be imposed.

NEXT, a letter from a girl who says:—

An opportunity has come my way which I have always wanted. But now that it is within my grasp I am not sure whether it is wise for me to take it.

I am twenty-nine years old and have no parents. I work as a dressmaker and, though I manage to make a living, I have not been able to save very much. One of my customers, who lives in London, has offered me a chance of employment in an exclusive gown shop there, and she wants me to state the salary I should require. She says that I should be able to live at a Y.W.C.A. or girls' hostel.

I have never been to London before and do not know anyone there, and do not know what to do. I don't like the thought of leaving my friends and one or two relations who live here, but I feel I am in a rut and I may never get a chance like it again. When JOHN BULL comes I always read your page first, and I have always thought to myself that if ever I was in difficulty you would be the first person I would appeal to.

In all problems of this kind there are reasons for and against accepting an offer. But, after considering all that this girl says, my feeling is that she should accept it.

Before reaching a definite decision, however, I think it would be wise for her to come to London and see her future employer for herself. She could then discuss thoroughly the terms and other details, such as conditions of employment and hours of work.

If these are satisfactory to her she could undertake to stay for a definite period. The experience she would gain would be invaluable to her, even if later on she preferred to return and work in the country again.

Many of my readers who live in country districts are troubled about the lack of employment facilities for their children. Here is one wife's case:—

Nearly two years ago, my husband came out of the Service with a pension, and we bought a bungalow with an acre of ground so that we could go in for poultry-keeping. Our only boy has now reached the school-leaving age, and we are wondering whether it would be wise for him to join his father, or whether we should try to find him a job as a motor-mechanic. He had secondary education in the big town where we used to live before we came here.

His father could do with his help, as he is not very robust, but we feel that it would not lead to very much. We have agreed to abide by your advice.

MY correspondent does not tell me if her son has any inclinations in the matter. She mentions work as a motor mechanic. Is that what he wants to be?

It would be foolish to insist upon him joining his father in poultry-farming if his heart is in something else. Far too many troubles have resulted from trying to fit square pegs into round holes.

Let this woman have a talk with her boy. She might also have a chat with his headmaster and obtain his opinion. If the lad has shown a preference for some particular work, he should be encouraged to take it up.

But, if he does not "know what he wants to be," he could assist his father until he is able to make up his mind.

Matrimony has a good many cross-roads. Another correspondent has reached one of them. He says:—

I have been happily married for two years and love my wife, but during the last few months a cloud has arisen.

We took in a young man lodger, and friends have told me that they have seen him and my wife together at the cinema and other places.

I tackled my wife about it, but she denied it. I am on night work a good deal, and the other morning I came home early and saw this man leaving my wife's bedroom. I was too thunderstruck to do or say anything to him, but I asked my wife for an explanation.

Again she denied it, and said that I must be seeing things. I do not want my home to be broken up, and I would do anything to keep my wife's love.

If this young man is sure of his facts, I advise him to adopt a very firm attitude. He should insist upon the lodger leaving his house at once, and should forbid him ever to enter it again. What peace of mind could he ever enjoy if he allowed him to remain there?

Then he must tackle his wife, and tell her that he refuses to tolerate any similar conduct and that if she wishes to keep his affection and her home, she must be loyal and faithful.

Another young man tells me:—

I am soon to marry a girl who in word and deed is as straight as an arrow. We both love children and cannot foresee a happy married life without them.

But my girl's mother, although a member of a highly respectable family, was turned from home because she had several children and was never married.

If we have children, is there a danger of them taking the characteristics of their grandmother, or could careful upbringing eliminate this risk?

AN eminent doctor the other day gave this as his opinion: "Environment has far more influence over a child's life than heredity."

He placed it as high as 90 per cent. for environment and only 10 per cent. for heredity. If that is true—and I have no reason to doubt it—this young man has little to fear.

By careful upbringing, his children should grow up to be decent men and women. He should also remember this further point. I am told that his girl's mother came from a highly respectable family. The good influences of the other members of that family would more than help to counterbalance any failings on the part of one woman.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Life's Riddle

WHAT do you know of Life . . . its secrets, wonders and mystery?

What do you know of the mighty forces that make it possible?

Perhaps more important still—what do you know of *yourself*—of the things that make you breathe, think, work and love.

Life, biggest riddle of all time is the vast and absorbing subject chosen for JOHN BULL'S tremendous Presentation announced for the first time last week—*The Miracle of Life.*

On pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL this week gives readers who have not already applied for their copies of this entirely new work, one further opportunity to do so.

This book is more intriguing, more enlightening than anything of its kind.

In nearly 500 pages, containing over 200,000 words and more than 500 amazing illustrations, it covers the whole mighty march of life from the time it crawled out of the sea to the Human Race of to-day.

The book reveals hitherto little-known secrets with which every adult person should be familiar.

You would consider this work well worth £1 1s.—yet it is yours provided you apply before it's too late, for only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 and post off your Reservation Forms at once. There is no time to lose.

"Don't have any truck with that!"

Some people try to make their own pickles or chutney. Don't bother with that—it's just a waste of time and trouble. Because things you make yourself *cannot* provide the same digestive stimulation that Pan Yan gives you. That's why Pan Yan families are *happy* families. Good temper starts in the stomach—and it starts when you have Pan Yan!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

THE LITTLE CIGAR HABIT IS CATCHING ON

More and more men are smoking Marcella Whiffs. When the day's work is done—there's nothing nicer than the rich, "luxury" aroma and bland cool flavour of these good little cigars. Their unfailing excellence and very moderate price will convince you, too.

Marcella whiffs

3 FOR 6d • 5 FOR 10d • 10 FOR 1/8d

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION RESULT

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from several Competitors who in each Section Share the award of £20 offered separately on every one of the Eight Sections.

SECTION 1.
A (6), B (2), C (7), D (1), E (5), F (3), G (4).
61 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2.
A (7), B (4), C (6), D (3), E (2), F (1), G (5).
77 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3.
A (5), B (6), C (3), D (4), E (7), F (1), G (2).
2 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 4.
A (2), B (1), C (6), D (4), E (3), F (5), G (7).
37 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 5.
A (1), B (5), C (3), D (2), E (7), F (4), G (6).
27 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 6.
A (1), B (5), C (2), D (4), E (3), F (6), G (7).
141 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 7.
A (5), B (6), C (7), D (4), E (3), F (2), G (1).
7 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 8.
A (3), B (7), C (1), D (6), E (2), F (4), G (5).
273 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of the names and addresses of the winners can be seen at "John Bull" offices. All have been notified and cheques or postal orders have been despatched.

DIPLOMA CHEESE

£35 for LIMERICKS

FIRST £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
TEN PRIZES each £1

A bright little wife, newly wed
Said, "We can't live on butter & bread,"
So, with a Recipe Book,
She started to cook

SOME RHYMES: *Bed, ebed, behead, bled, dead, dread, fed, fled, head, instead, lead, led, mislead, read, red, said, shed, sped, spread, stead.*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, February 25, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.408a

You Can Choose Your

THREE

Harlene-Hair-Drill *FREE offer*

1 HARLENE HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

During Five Royal Reigns the name of "Harlene" has stood paramount and supreme. Thin, impoverished and Skimpy Hair becomes thick virile and richly abundant! Straggly, Brittle, Splitting Hair becomes elegantly neat, obedient to brush and comb, soft and silky! Falling hair is stopped and new Healthy Hair commences to grow upon bald patches!

Price 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

2 Cremex Shampoo

Delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. Frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. FREE Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each.)

3 Uzon Brilliantine

"UZON" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. This highly refined brilliantine is invaluable to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form, 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4 Harlene Wave Setting Lotion

Keeps the hair in wave and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Protects against fog, mist, damp, and even sea air! Saves £ £ £'s on Waving Bills! 7½d. and 1/3. Special for Blondes, Harlene GOLDEN Wave Set.

5 Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash

Doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair, and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

6 Astol Hair Colour Restorer

If your hair is Grey "ASTOL" will bring it back to a youthful colour—making you look years younger. 1/9, 3/- and 5/-.

From all Chemists.

SAMPLE COUPON

EDWARDS HARLENE Ltd. (H909),
20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.
Please send me Preparations 1 2 3 4 5 6
BLONDE-BRUNETTE
Cross out three numbers NOT required and "BLONDE" or "BRUNETTE"
Enclose Name and Address and 4d. stamps for postage and packing.
Offer does not apply to EIRE.
Stamp envelope with 1½d. stamp.

Mother! Here's the Friend you often need

Whatever should I do without CUTICURA!
Sufferers from Eczema and other skin eruptions should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has soothing, emollient properties.

The way children knock themselves about, you're simply lost without a reliable antiseptic healer in the house. Keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment by you and you are ready for accidents. For quick, clean healing, for drawing out soreness and inflammation, there's nothing like Cuticura Ointment. Apply it to cuts, grazes, scratches and pimples and you need never fear gathering or septic poisoning. Because no germ can live where Cuticura is used. To prevent blistering and to cool the fiery pain of scalds and burns Cuticura is unsurpassed. As a remedy for Eczema and other serious skin troubles the healing power of Cuticura is positively magical. It arrests the tormenting itch the moment it touches the skin. Chronic eruptions, that have resisted treatment for years, quickly fade and vanish before the amazing action of this unfailing healer. Often a single tin is enough to clear up a bad case.

Cuticura BRAND **OINTMENT**

HASTENS HEALING & GROWTH OF NEW SKIN

It's sowing time again—the days of

Miracles from a Penny Packet

AMATEUR gardeners throughout Britain are preparing to open their seed packets and sow their annual crop of miracles.

Sixty-seven per cent. of JOHN BULL'S million-and-a-half families have gardens. So that more than a million of them alone are making plans for the spring sowing.

How many realise that every single species of seed has taken years of unremitting toil and care to produce?

One comes nearer to the realisation of the amount of work involved when one considers that every flower was once a weed; and that every vegetable has a wild ancestor growing somewhere in the fields.

The process of "taming" and domesticating the wild species is always going on.

Our stock of vegetables and flowers is in a state of continuous improvement.

In one big seedsman's nursery they are growing this year 800 trial rows of different types of peas, all planted on the same day.

Every morning the gardeners make a thorough examination of them and put in a detailed written report on each plant.

By watching the daily progress of the plants, the experts are able to choose the best stock for their customers.

If they have to scrap 720, or 90 per cent., of those experimental 800 strains of pea for one reason or another, they still consider that the experiment has been well worth while. The 80 satisfactory strains are then sent to growers who produce the seed in bulk.

Another experimental nursery garden has 500 rows of cabbages and 700 rows of cauliflower which will be treated in the same way.

During months when vegetables cannot be grown out-of-doors in Britain, the work is carried on in the more favourable climate of Italy. Some of the more valuable strains of flowers are sent as far as California.

Experimental growing of flowers in the open is a tricky business.

To produce a pure strain of sweet pea, for example, no other sweet pea may be planted within a quarter of a mile.

Otherwise, bees, butterflies, and even moths will carry the pollen from one strain to another, and uncontrolled cross-fertilisation will take place.

The only way to be absolutely certain of producing a pure strain is to grow it in a greenhouse and cross-fertilise by hand.

In thousands of greenhouses all over the country professional gardeners are at work daily transferring the pollen with camel-hair brushes from one selected flower to another—painting the rose and gilding the lily.

Theirs is an enthralling job. But it never stops.

A white gloxinia grown recently has taken fourteen years to produce. It is the result of thousands of meticulously calculated crosses between myriad varieties of purple and red gloxinias.

Hundreds of experts, thousands of gardeners, and the expenditure of vast sums of money have contributed to achieve this result.

Going back further, we find that the now cultured gloxinia's ancestor was a common weed in Brazil, where it continues to thrive in its wild state as a poor but still handsome relation.

Our aristocratic Ursinia, Benidium and Kingfisher daisy are the descendants of South African weeds, carefully cross-fertilised in English nursery gardens.

★ ★ ★

The nasturtium is a Californian wild flower, from which several distinct cultivated species have been hybridised for British gardens.

English sunflowers are a species centuries removed from the wild. Yet they are now being crossed with wild Californian sunflowers to produce further crosses in all colours. Grass, too, is another hybridised weed. The smooth sward trodden by Wimbledon tennis stars, the springy turf of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, the sacred wicket at Lord's, the lawn in your garden which you so proudly exhibit to your friends, are all related to the grass on the heath and in the jungle.

And, though centuries of human cultivation lie between them and their wild relations, you know to your cost how anxious they are to return to their old family tradition, hobnobbing with the weeds and developing coarse habits themselves.

Only the common clover defies man-made culture. A confirmed democrat, he absolutely refuses to undertake the marriage of convenience at mankind's dictation.

★ ★ ★

"My father was married by the bees, and so was my grandfather and his father before him; and I'll be married by the bees myself or not at all," says Mr. Common Clover. "No snobbish camel-haired nuptials for me!"

But the gardeners have been too clever for him all the same; and too clever for the bees, too.

They cover up certain selected strains of unfertilised clover with huge linen sheets.

Then they pop their own bees into a bath of water to remove all trace of alien pollen from their coats, and introduce them under the sheets, still buzzing with indignation, to cross-fertilise the clover.

Few amateurs have the time or the resources of the professional nursery gardeners to procure the production of absolutely pure stock. Every bit of earth and every pot must be sterilised with steam before use. This is a very specialised and lengthy process, which destroys plant diseases and weeds.

It also puts to sleep the beneficial plant bacteria; and it takes them a month to recover.

Without applying these meticulous precautions himself, however, every amateur gardener can now obtain for a few pence the combined results of the work of countless generations of seedsmen.

Miracles from a penny packet!

Picking his fancy—and he hopes it will look like the picture on the packet

Secret Enemy of Millions HÆMORRHOIDS

(Piles)

Rapid Remedy Now Available

It has been left to the Veno chemists to perfect a really reliable treatment for this agonising ailment which, it is calculated, affects four adults out of ten, besides many children.

This treatment, by means of Germoloid Suppositories, is inexpensive, simple, clean and self-applied. It affords immediate relief from pain and irritation, and soon takes down swellings, shrinks distended veins and protects painfully exposed nerve-endings. During sleep its antiseptic principles continue their healing work, whilst its soothing lubricants reduce the absorption of moisture and so help to prevent constipation.

Germoloids

FROM CHEMISTS—1/3 per box of 12.

(For External Piles, use also Germolene brand Ointment, in conjunction with Germoloids.)

Fire Wrecked Her Home

IN a little town in Perthshire, Scotland, a housewife was melting fat in a pan on the gas-stove.

She had to leave the kitchen for a few moments.

The pan overflowed and the fat caught fire.

Smoke and flames filled the kitchen.

The woman was alone, but, fortunately, her brother lived next door, and he came to his sister's aid.

Between them they got the fire under control with buckets of water and handfuls of earth.

If they had not acted promptly, results might have been serious.

As it was, the damage was considerable.

Fortunately, the woman was a registered reader of JOHN BULL and had taken full advantage of our Free Insurance scheme.

After she received our cheque making good the damage, she sent us this letter of thanks:

"I want to thank you very much indeed for your more than generous payment of my claim.

"JOHN BULL never lets anyone down, and I knew they would not start with me.

"I am not very good at thanking people, but I know you don't only live up to what you preach, but excel it."

* * *

Once more we remind you that JOHN BULL is the only newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against fire, storm, flood and sickness, as well as giving numerous accident benefits.

Have you protected yourself and those dear to you?

It is the work of a moment. Sign the coupon which you will find on page 39 and post it to us.

THIS WAY for *real tobacco flavour*

The way to get really good cigarettes, with all the tobacco flavour, is to roll your own in A.G papers. It's the special quality of *this* paper that makes the marvellous difference. Start now! You'll taste tobacco flavour you've been missing before: and enjoy cigarettes fresh, lasting, and much easier on your throat. But be sure to get A.G papers. That's the secret of making best cigarettes yourself—and they cost no more.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

A.G PAPERS *Now packed in 3 styles*

For WHITER Cigarettes —try 'GREEN A.G'

for Hoarseness

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a pleasant sweet. 6d

Vick BRAND Lozenges

I WAS NEVER REALLY ILL— BUT I NEVER KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO FEEL REALLY WELL

"I realise now I was never really well until I started taking Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS. Now I never get tired as I used to. The 'daily round' is a pleasure. I never have a headache—never feel 'nervy'—always sleep well and eat whatever I like."

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS can give YOU *more* energy, *more* appetite, *more* sleep, *better* digestion and *sounder* nerves! They are the complete tonic and health restorer of the human system. By cleansing the blood, toning up digestion and feeding the nerves, they rapidly relieve

HEADACHES **HYSTERIA**
INDIGESTION **NEURITIS**
NEURALGIA **SCIATICA**
INSOMNIA **"NERVES"**
LUMBAGO **DEPRESSION**

Determine *NOW* to taste the joys of feeling better than you have ever felt before! Start a course of Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS *TODAY!*

Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

NOTHING BETTER FOR RHEUMATISM

Why FYNNON SALT Is Booming

Why is it that Fynnon Salt has so rapidly sailed into first place as the outstanding remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatoid Arthritis, etc.? The answer is simple. Consider what happens when a new remedy makes its appearance and turns out to be the very thing that jaded, tortured sufferers have been longing for.

Naturally, such good news is passed on from one sufferer to another. Outworn remedies are discarded and the new one given a fair trial. If it does what it claims—that is to say, if it really proves a boon and blessing to Rheumatic Sufferers—it succeeds. If it doesn't it fails, and you never hear of it again.

Fynnon Salt succeeds all right, or it would not be enjoying such a boom. You hear of it everywhere. You see it prominently displayed by all the best chemists. Try Fynnon Salt for *your* rheumatic symptoms, for your sciatica or lumbago, for the heavy dull sensation that prevents you looking and feeling at your best.

Take a teaspooonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water every morning. You need not suffer another single day, now that Fynnon Salt is here to relieve you. Only 1/3 a tin.

CASES LIKE THESE HAVE MADE FYNNON FAMOUS

Fynnon Limited guarantee that every letter they publish is absolutely genuine and unsolicited. The original letters can be seen at the Offices of Fynnon Ltd.

Rheumatism

"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for years and have tried many remedies but nothing did me much good until I took Fynnon Salt. Even after a week the pains in my limbs were less severe. It was agony for me to bend, but now I do so with freedom and without pain. I feel it is my duty to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Fynnon Salt."—Mrs. A., Chorley Wood.

Sciatica

"I suffered from Sciatica for years and gradually became worse. I attended an Infirmary for eighteen months, but I became almost unable to walk to the Infirmary for treatment. One day a lady told me to try Fynnon Salt and to persevere in taking it. I had tried almost everything else, but decided to give Fynnon a trial. After the first tin I noticed a marked improvement in my condition. I could get in and out of bed without help, a thing I hadn't been able to do for six weeks; the periods of acute pain were fewer and further between, and gradually I became my old self again. I thought my camping days were over, but last summer I was able to attend camp for a week. What a relief to be able to walk without pain or limping. Nobody else knows what pain Sciatica sufferers have to endure unless they themselves have had it."—Mr. B., Dundee.

Rheumatism and High Blood Pressure

"I take the pleasure of thanking you for the wonderful results I have gained from taking Fynnon Salt. I suffered terribly from Rheumatism and High Blood Pressure for 18 years, until I was told about Fynnon Salt, and after taking it for 12 months, people all stop and ask me what I have taken to get so fit."—Mrs. B., Chingford.

SODIUM, POTASSIUM, LITHIUM

These three mineral elements are the active agents in the curative waters that gush from world-famous Spas. These same elements, 'Nature's Salts of the Earth,' are now combined for you in Fynnon Salt.
So to-day for a few pence you can 'take the waters' in your own home! Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis—all are marvellously relieved by a daily teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water.
Take it every morning and join the great army of people whom it has made healthy and happy again.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

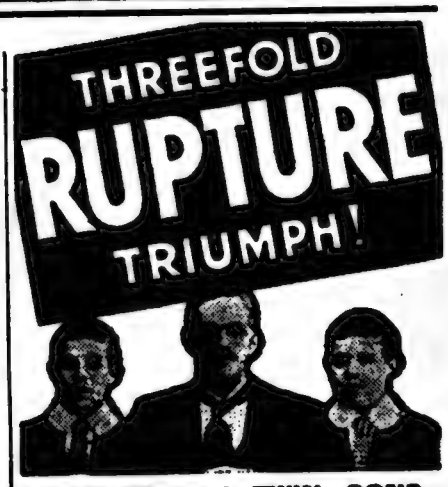
Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

Don't overlook the Bargains on pp. 2 & 3
and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 16.



FATHER and TWIN SONS
SAY GOODBYE TO RUPTURE WORRIES.

Read this amazing letter—one of the thousands received every year from overjoyed users in praise of the wonderful Brooks Appliance.

"My heartfelt thanks for all that your Appliance has meant to my twin boys. I sent for your booklet, eventually procuring your Appliance for the twins, and in 18 months they were both *effectively and permanently cured.* So I procured a Brooks Appliance which I found very beneficial. I have now *discarded the Appliance* and given it to a neighbour. We have passed the good tidings on to several friends with the usual good result. Mr. A. C. Smith, 40, Lime, Ave., Huthwaite, Mansfield.

Don't suffer any longer from neglected rupture or from an unsuitable truss. Do as Mr. Smith and 744,000 others have done. Do as 3,200 English doctors recommend. Find out how you can try out a Brooks for yourself FREE. Send for booklet RIGHT NOW, and stop your Rupture worries for good!

POST THIS COUPON TODAY.

COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

(*Post to either London or Manchester*)
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD., (520R), 89, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. (520R), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.
Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book showing NEW REDUCED PRICES and full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Reader's Story by David J. Murphy

The sampan man was crawling across the hood

ATTACKED BY RIVER BANDITS

INVARIABLY a sailor's life is beset with adventure. You sail the high seas, visit various ports and encounter all sorts of characters. The chances are that you will experience the thrill of a typhoon, a gale, of being tossed helplessly about in mountainous waves.

For my part I have had my fair share of it. When I met it, however, it was invariably unexpected. Adventure is like that. Take my adventure in China when I was within an ace of losing my life. I never properly appreciated it until it was all over.

It began one cold winter's night.

My rickshaw was trundling down Yangtzepoo Road, Shanghai, headed for the sampan ferry. I was on my way back to the cargo-boat in which I served as an ordinary seaman.

Suddenly from a dark and narrow side-street came a shout—a shout in a voice I recognised as that of one of my shipmates. "If that is not Taffy Evans," I said to myself, "then I'm a Chinaman."

Taffy was obviously in trouble, and it was up to me to help him if I could. I sprang from the rickshaw and ran down the side-street.

In an evil-smelling den I found Taffy hopelessly drunk and in the hands of thieving Russians and Chinese.

There was only one thing to do—get help. At last I found a Sikh policeman, and we were able to get Taffy out before anything serious happened.

Piling him into another rickshaw, I ordered the coolie to take us to the ferry. There we were besieged by about fifty sampan men, all screaming to attract our attention.

They were a villainous crew, but I selected the one nearest to us and helped Taffy into the small well of the craft.

A few minutes later, we were crossing the swift-flowing Wu Sung, to the wharf where our ship lay.

The only light was the glimmer of the lamps along the river bank, and in midstream it was jet black.

The sampan is different from the rowing-boat. Its bows are covered over to form a kind of locker.

In the centre of the boat there is a wooden seat with a sloping back. This is covered by a canvas hood.

At the stern there is a raised platform, and on this the sampan man stands, wielding his single oar.

Since I had been out East, I had heard many blood-curdling tales about the sampan men. How they had a habit of knifing drunken sailors and pitching their bodies into the river, to be carried out to sea by the swift current.

With my shipmate snoring by my side, I considered it imperative to keep my eyes open.

Luckily I have an almost uncanny capacity for seeing in the dark—it has got me out of trouble many times. I kept peering through the hood behind me and at the small locker in front.

It was just as well that I did.

We had reached the middle of the river, and except for the monotonous creaking of the Chinaman's oar and my companion's laboured breathing there was not a sound. Sitting there, with the swirling, unseen water rippling past, I was overcome with a strange dread. Something was going to happen.

THEN I heard a scratching noise coming from the locker. It sounded like a rat, but I had an intuitive feeling it was more than that. I sat upright, alert.

Something white was fluttering through a crack in the locker door. It was a hand, and it was trying to unfasten the catch.

This was an old trick. The owner of the craft had hidden a man in the locker, with orders to spring out and attack the passengers. At the same time, the rower at the stern would lift the hood and strike out with his oar.

I sprang up and stamped with all my strength on the hand. I felt the bones crush, and there was a scream from inside the locker. The hand vanished.

A few seconds later I heard the hood move. A rush of fresh air hit my face, and there was a vicious swish.

The heavy oar that the man at the stern had aimed at my head missed by inches.

He tottered and almost fell into the water. I could see the outline of his lean figure, hear him hiss like an infuriated snake. For a moment I wasn't sure how to deal with the situation.

STEPPING back into the locker I slipped and fell. As I did so, my hands rested on a piece of wood. Here was something with which to defend myself. Taffy was snoring—still oblivious of what was happening.

The sampan was being swept rapidly downstream. It seemed inevitable that all of us would end by drowning.

Drawing a knife from his ragged clothes, the sampan man began to crawl across the hood. When I thought he was within striking distance, I took a swipe at him, but missed. On he came . . . .

Then a craft slid up out of the darkness.

"Ahoy, there!" I shouted. "Ahoy!"

The Chinaman paused, and the craft altered its course and purred alongside. It was a police boat.

"What's going on here?" demanded a voice.

"The Chinks are trying to murder us," I yelled.

Three Chinese police officers leapt on board our sampan, and our assailants were overpowered.

Taffy was still sleeping when he was taken on to the police launch. It wasn't until he was aboard our ship that he woke up.

"Do you know what?" he said. "I've had a most awful dream. I dreamt that I was nearly murdered."

"Your dream almost came true," I told him.

When he heard what had happened, he blinked at me.

"And to think that I was asleep all the time," he gasped. "I might have died without knowing it!"

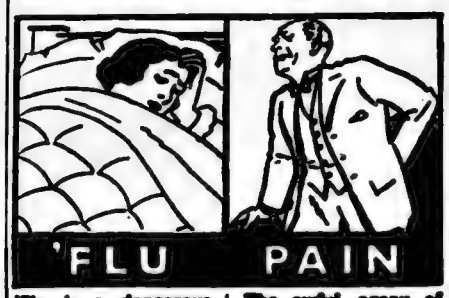
The sampan men were both "wanted" criminals with bad records, and were subsequently sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 229,444, David J. Murphy, 20, Benhurst Gardens, Selsdon, Surrey.

2D STOPS

2d. ends quickly the unpleasant symptoms of a Cold. 2d. is the price of a BEECHAMS POWDER! Sneezing, nose running and that heavy, headachy feeling stop immediately!

Take a 2d. BEECHAMS POWDER and kill that Chill NOW! That shivering, hot-and-cold feeling is ended! The aching in the limbs ceases! Yes!—2d. is all you need pay!



'Flu is a dangerous complaint! "Nip it in the bud"—for 2d! Take a BEECHAMS POWDER AT ONCE and, like magic, the symptoms vanish! Get your supply NOW!

The awful agony of Rheumatic twinges, Lumbago, Sciatica and Nerve Pains can also be defeated for 2d.! BEECHAMS POWDERS bring relief instantly.

BEECHAMS Brand POWDERS 2d EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

'WARE "MUSHROOM" BOOKIES

PUBLICATION of the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National has led to the usual crop of "mushroom" bookmaking concerns.

They spring up in the night and catch the unwary with tempting prices.

JOHN BULL's advice is that you should back with the recognised firms who advertise in the *Sporting Life*.

You may have to take 20 to 1 or 33 to 1 about your fancies, but you are certain to be paid if you spot the winners.

"Mushroom" concerns have usually "gone away" when the time for settlement arrives.

Pontet and Master Cosmo are suggested for the Saturday double at Lingfield Park.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, February 10, to Wednesday, February 16.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: IL95ME95L would read BRAEMAR.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 7 is substituted. 96XK2BR would read FOSSIL.

STOMACH PAINS ARE WARNING SIGNALS

Never dismiss lightly a twinge of pain or a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. Nature is trying to tell you that all is not well with you. If you do not heed her warning, you may have to pay very dearly for your neglect and delay. Nearly all stomach pains arise from acidity. Call it what you like—wind, gas, flatulence, distension: you can trace them to excess acid. The real danger is that neglect of an acid condition results in gastric and even duodenal ulcers and, as most people know, the surgeon's knife becomes a very real threat.

Sure and speedy relief can be obtained, even in long standing cases, by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after meals.

The quick and sure action of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is nothing short of marvellous. Get a bottle and see for yourself. Begin to enjoy your meals and your life right away! When buying MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder see that you get the *genuine* article with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. This signature is your guarantee of quick and lasting relief from stomach trouble. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; also in handy pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

BAD LEGS! suffering ended

Unequalled for Bad Legs, Ulcers, Whitlows, Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Chilblains

If your leg is swollen, puffed up or has open wounds, there is deep-seated poison under your skin. Grasshopper never fails. It goes to the root of the trouble, draws out the poison, reduces inflammation and permanently heals. Get it today! 6d., 1/3 and 3/- from all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or direct from Grasshopper Ltd.

Trial size 6d.

1/3D. and 3/-

GRASSHOPPER BRAND OINTMENT

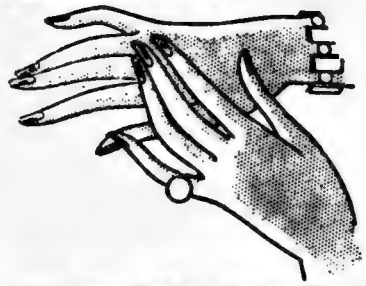
60 years' reputation

S. GRASSHOPPER LTD., 9 Bromells Rd., S.W.4

ROUGH HOUSEWORK HANDS

Do this . . .

and you'll be amazed at the difference!



TAKE some 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly and massage it into your hands. Use it as though you're washing with it. Do this every night going to bed and whenever you've a free minute during the day. Grimed-in dirt rolls out like magic. Rough, sore skin gets soft and smooth. Nails don't crack and break. You'll never again be ashamed of your hands! Start tonight.

'Vaseline' Jelly in jars, 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

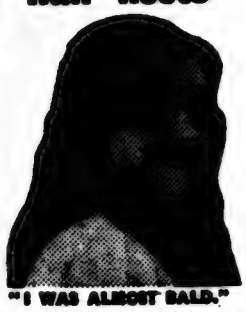
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline
Petroleum Jelly
daily for hands

6429-1

RE-AWAKEN & FEED these Hair Roots

"Had Big Bald Patch" How This New Thick Growth



"I WAS ALMOST BALD."

A multitude of men and women—all ages—have had new hair growth or other hair benefits since using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They are different from anything else. All I ask is that you give the Kotalko products a trial and watch your scalp in the mirror over a brief period. Then you will need no further proof. SEE DELIGHTED USERS' OWN PHOTOS AND EXPERIENCES that will be sent with your Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp Soap. These will show you that you need not lose your hair or look prematurely aged through baldness.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

To John Hunt Ltd(Dept. J.B.), 2 & 3, Tenny St. (off D), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Trial Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Send Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Thoroughly with KOTALKO SOAP. SOAP—the Scalp Shampoo.

USE THE FORMS BELOW FOR "JOHN BULL'S" FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 12/2/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address.....

.....

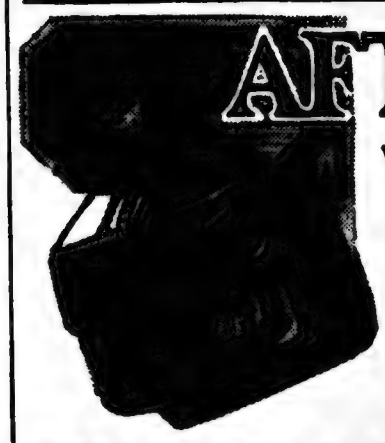
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/2/38.



AFTER 4.30 P.M.

What happens to your children?

FIVE days a week up to 4.30 p.m. children are reasonably safe in the care of their schools—but what after 4.30?

Mothers! Yes—and fathers, too—what happens to *YOUR* children during those carefree, happy hours? Where do they get to? What are they doing? The question is a vital one and even more vital still at week-ends.

And Accidents *will* happen, in spite of every precaution. Alas! Too often they can and do result in broken bones.

"John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift makes special provision for children's accidents. Last week alone "John Bull" dispatched no fewer than 101 cheques to parents—prompt and practical assistance that makes all the world of difference when doctors' bills have to be paid.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to the many accident benefits incorporated in the scheme, "John Bull" is *the ONLY paper in the world* to safeguard precious possessions against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and the ONLY paper to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£867 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £867 0s. 0d., paid as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£496	0	0
Accident Benefits (Adults)	£169	0	0
Accident Benefits (Children)	£202	0	0

For the sake of your children, the sake of your wife—your home—YOURSELF—use the Forms above TO-DAY.

HOW I GOT FIT FOR THE FIGHT

Jimmy 'Come Back' Braddock tells how two years ago he gained 26lbs.—the extra power behind those punches that helped to win him the World's Championship.

All the "well informed" sporting critics were amazed when Braddock scored a victory over Tommy Farr in his recent fight. They did not expect Braddock to stand up to Farr owing to the American's age, inferior reach and weight. He not only fought well throughout the first five rounds but gathered speed and power during the second half of the contest. It seemed almost incredible, during these last rounds, that Braddock should have carried the fight to his opponent—been so fast on his feet—with such amazing power behind his punches. This splendid showing proves that he still retains the same splendid health and hitting power that won him the World's Championship two years ago.

Here is his astonishing statement, two years ago, about the way he gained the necessary weight and strength which enabled him to win the World's Championship from Max Baer.

"A big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Vikelp. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Vikelp helped me to add put real power and drive behind my punches. Tests convinced me that run-down conditions, poor blood and skinniness come frequently from mineral and iodine-starved glands and vitamin deficiency. When these glands, particularly the important glands which control weight building, lack natural plant iodine and minerals, even diets rich in fat and starches fail to add weight and produce energy. That's why skinny folks often have huge appetites but stay skinny. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman, Vikelp's the greatest weight and strength builder there is."

JAMES J. BRADDOCK.

Braddock is right. 99 times out of 100 thin, weak men suffer from lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins, and Food Iodine in the system. *Vikelp* is made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant which contains not only all the six vitally important **Vitamins—A, B1, B2, D, E and G**—but is the world's richest source of all the 12 essential life-giving **Minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.).** With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength, and put on pounds of firm flesh, without the use of drugs.

Try *VIKELP* Brand Tablets for 10 days, and if you do not put on extra pounds of firm flesh, have stronger nerves, and if you don't sleep and eat better, feel stronger and fitter, the trial is free.

SPECIAL FREE ADVICE OFFER!

Write to-day for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on **How to Add Weight Quickly.** Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves, Rich Red Blood—New Facts About Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins—Standard weight and measurement charts. Absolutely free—Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. No. JB Z/2, 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Allenburys Pastilles keep the throat free from winter troubles, and children love the blackcurrant flavour.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

Allenburys PASTILLES
FOR YOUR THROAT

99

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½ins.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 03 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid.

TERMS: 5/- per Month.

£4.17.6

NO CHARGE MADE FOR EASY PAYMENTS.
WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS.

Mrs. G. R. of Melton, writes:—"We have got the Wireless fixed up and it goes grand. We are delighted with such a beauty for the price, and such a nice one too. Really it is as good as that of a friend of ours that was twice the price."

Mr. N. A. of Gateshead, writes:—"I received the 'H.S.' Battery model, and within half an hour had it going. We found the list was more than we had expected, all British stations and many Continental stations being received and recognised by the receivings markings on the tuning dial."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

CROSSWORD No. 96.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 46 is presented the ninety-sixth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. H. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors three using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when results and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 3, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable as instructed on page 46. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

IF YOU WANT WHITE TEETH
—use *Phillips' Dental Magnesia*

Full information of the efficacy of this excellent dentifrice appears on page 37. Turn to it Now!

JOHN BULL OFFERS
30/- WEEKLY
FOR LIFE, PLUS
£300
CLOSING SAT. FEB 19
UNLIMITED
SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award – to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."

ACROSS CLUES

1. Are paid to workmen for services.
4. When boy gets one without deserving it there's often great indigna- [tion
7. Native of Arabia
9. Female child
11. What you see in your shaving mirror
13. Modern
14. May be somewhat difficult to drive in
16. Sometimes asked for by restaurant customers
18. Waiter is, very often
22. You wouldn't expect one to make a good detective
24. This study appeals to many people
26. Spaniel is one
27. Small child, beginning tottering
29. Grain in boats
31. Mechanic can usually tell when one is worn out
32. Is usually closely studied in court
33. Good one normally opens easily
34. Ass

DOWN CLUES

1. There's often trouble when tub-thumper's crowd is in this
2. Wicket is often used in
3. At end of cobweb
5. Grow old
6. Garden pest
8. One of ships will interest nautical enthusiast
10. One is frequently devoted to gambling
12. Sometimes splits easily
15. Should be investigated before one plunges
17. One often grows quickly under bad [conditions
19. On a ship
20. They bicker over stones
21. Is sometimes connected with main
23. Explosive sound in Poplar
25. Consumed
28. If increase in salary is this, worker shouldn't really be disappointed
30. Restaurant sometimes has to serve party of

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 96. Closing SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No 96. Closing SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

PENSION AND £300 WON OUTRIGHT IN CROSSWORD No. 93.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 93, the Adjudication Committee decided that the sender of the most meritorious Set of Answers on one Square (see below) was the following competitor:—

D. THOMAS, 34, Crockerton Road, London, S.W.17.

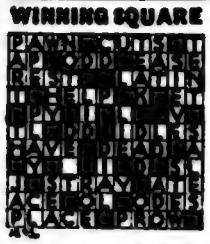
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive 20s. Weekly for Life and £300 Cash, or a lump sum of £500 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 35 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £2 17s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Each cash prize-winner will also receive a Bonus Gift.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 205 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE

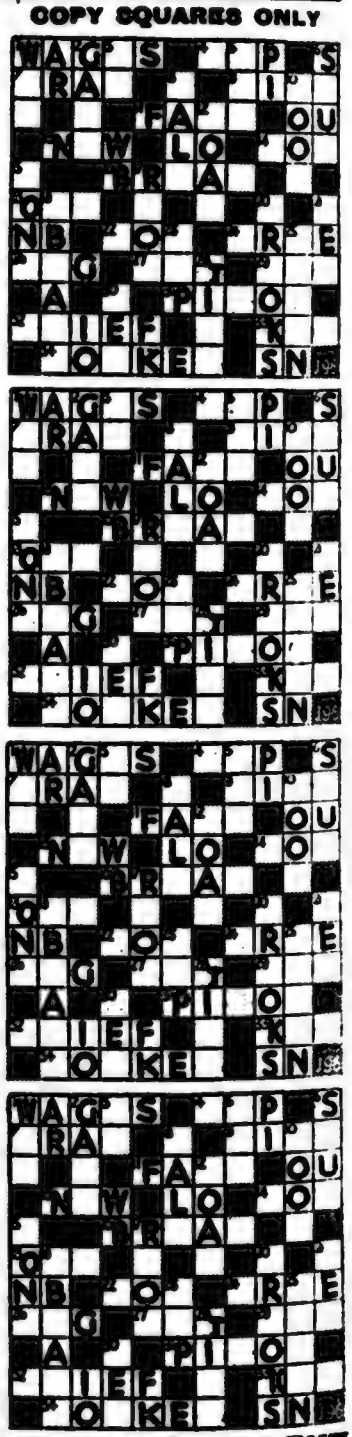


The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point DEBT and DENT were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY



READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, February 19, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 3. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 8, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £750 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 39.

ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD No. 96, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

✦ Special Invitation ✦ TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bulletin" Dept., 36, Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY).

You must affix ½d. Stamp here.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

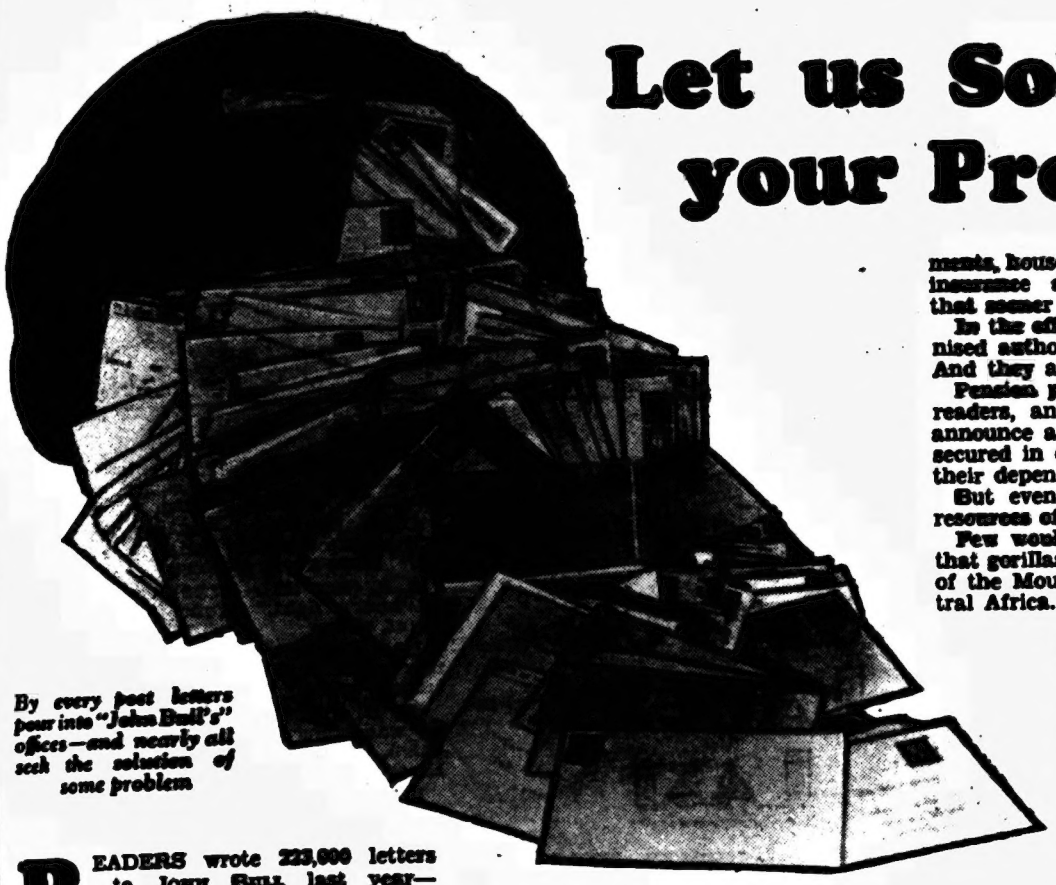
Address .....

.....

RECORD ONE-WEEK OFFER COMING IN NEXT ISSUE

Join "John Bull's" Family and—

Let us Solve your Problems



By every post letters pour into "John Bull's" offices—and nearly all seek the solution of some problem

READERS wrote 223,000 letters to JOHN BULL last year—and every one was answered.

This is a record which no other paper can approach, for between no other paper and its readers is there anything like the same degree of confidence and kinship.

Confidence—that is the secret.

JOHN BULL is not only a weekly paper of absorbing interest—it is a friend.

People "write to JOHN BULL about it" because they are sure of sympathetic consideration for all their problems.

Let's take a look into the bulging post-bags that are delivered daily to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service Department.

Jealously guarded are the secrets of this department, for in submitting their problems readers are assured—and the assurance can be emphasised here anew—of *absolute confidence*.

* * *

The head of the Free Advice Service is pledged to maintain this tradition of secrecy just as the manager of any bank is pledged to keep secret the affairs of his customers.

But the glimpse that you shall see is not a betrayal of confidence. It is given to you so that you shall be able to judge the worth of this Advice Service, and through it find a solution for your own problems.

First letter from the day's mail reveals a problem all too common in these times of tension, doubt and fear.

"I want you to tell me how I can get back any faith in the goodness of God," the writer asks.

This plea will go to "Humanist"—personified by Philip Inman—who deals with enough complications to provide plots for a dozen best-selling novels.

* * *

What makes his advice worth noting and following is that it is utterly dispassionate, often quite contrary to the conventions.

Practical, sane, "Humanist" speaks his mind. When he sees that selfishness and egotism are at the root of a problem he says so. And the truth can hurt.

But, though the part played by this wise counsellor is valuable, it yet represents only a section of the activities of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service.

Every day there are questions which demand the replies of experts in other fields.

How much readers have been saved in lawyers' fees will never be computed. It would be a staggering sum!

The same with income-tax, investments, house purchase, rates, mortgages, insurance and similar responsibilities that sooner or later confront us all.

In the offices of JOHN BULL are recognised authorities on every one of them. And they are always busy.

Pension problems harass many of our readers, and it is with pride that we announce a total of more than £20,000 secured in cash for ex-Service men and their dependants.

But even this does not exhaust the resources of the Advice Service.

Few would consider it vital to learn that gorillas are found on the mid-slopes of the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa.

There is at least one young man who does. Only last week he sent a registered letter asking for the fact to be checked and another for our reply!

No "fresh" question this. The young man explained that the information had been wanted for urgent examination purposes.

Every student should know that the Advice Service is always ready to help.

Sometimes an enquiry from a reader, unknown to him or her, provides a clue to the activities of undesirable persons.

A letter which came from a clergyman's widow asked for particulars of the soil and prevailing winds in a certain district, as she is arthritic.

Earlier a JOHN BULL investigator had looked into the credentials of a self-styled architect in that district, who, with high-sounding plans for a new "garden city," had obtained "advance fees" from various people.

Unaware, the clergyman's widow indicated that this man had resumed his old game.

Many JOHN BULL exposures have had their origin in this way—evidence of the unremitting attention paid to letters.

* * *

Indeed, it can be said that almost every one of these letters "tells a story."

Sometimes readers themselves don the mantle of adviser and pass on hints and suggestions which they have proved to be practical.

Apart from the immediate response which a "Greatest of These—" appeal always brings, readers are often inspired to send words of comfort and help to those whose circumstances, described perhaps by "Humanist," or in other pages, move them to compassion.

Their letters, passing through the Free Advice Service department, are part of the enduring spirit of the great JOHN BULL family.

There is still one feature of the Free Advice Service yet to be stressed.

Competitors in our famous Bullets and Crosswords Contests who have any queries have only to write and they will receive information and guidance.

But, in justice to entrants as a whole, criticism of Bullets attempts or help with Crossword clues is *not* given in any circumstances.

Every reader, old and new, will appreciate the fairness of this.

But in every other way the Free Advice Service of JOHN BULL exists for the guidance, counsel and help of all.

No question is too trivial, none too profound. At least, our various experts will do their utmost to answer it.

The reader who asked us to suggest names for his fourth child, a girl, received just as comprehensive a reply as the housewife who, the other day, wrote requesting the latest scientific views on the use of aluminium utensils in cooking.

Another reader, a farmer in Worcestershire, was anxious to discover why a certain tract of marshland on his farm bore the curious name shown on the ordnance map.

He was answered, too.

His £500 Warning

"SAFETY FIRST" is one of the lessons which twenty-six-year-old Mr. Harry Wilson teaches every week to the thirty-three children in his class at the Roomfield Junior School, Todmorden, Yorkshire.

So it was only natural that when this young assistant master came upon *On Went The Car, But*, amongst the *Examples* for our 1,103rd *Bullets* Contest, he selected it for the basis of a comment on the perils of our roads.

Wisely choosing simple words, Mr. Wilson earned £500 with this striking First Prize *Bullet*, ON WENT THE CAR, BUT—DRIVER "REVIEWS" SCENE NIGHTLY.

"As a regular competitor in *Bullets*, I have been expecting the First Prize telegram each Friday for some time," Mr. Wilson told a JOHN BULL representative. "But, when it did come, it took my breath away.

"Before writing my *Bullets* on the coupons, I submit them to my wife for her approval.

"It has been remarkable how my bag of prizes has increased since our wedding eighteen months ago, so my wife must be a pretty good judge.

"I also enlisted the aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, and within a very short time I began to capture small prizes. The best awards I won before this First were a Surrey fowl and a turkey for Christmas.

Mr. H. Wilson

"The bulk of my prize-money will be put away as security for the future, though parents, friends and children in my class will not be forgotten."

Think of the happiness you could provide and of *your* added feeling of security if you were to win £300 cash, with an extra £100 as deposit on a home of your own, as well as a further £50 for moving and furnishing expenses!

That is the splendid new opportunity offered by this week's *Bullets*. Turn to page 43 at once.

RHEUMATISM

QUESTIONS EVERY SUFFERER SHOULD ASK HIMSELF

Why do I suffer the excruciating pains of Rheumatism? Why are MY joints painful and creaky? Why do MY muscles feel as though they are tied into knots? There are thousands of other men and women of my age, who live in the same conditions as I do, yet they do not have to put up with this awful agony.

The answer is—LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS. The kidneys are wonderful filters of the waste matter which is being constantly formed in the body. But if the kidneys get rundown, through a chill, weakness, or as the result of some illness or over-indulgence, you soon become aware of something wrong. First, occasional pains shoot through the limbs, the back will ache, the urine will look muddy or otherwise discoloured. Later come pains in the joints and muscles.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are especially compounded to restore sick kidneys to health. Working gently but efficiently, they bring the kidneys back to health, reduce the inflammation, and so tone them up, that they are able once again to do their work—remove the waste matter from the system. Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

De WITTS PILLS

BRAND

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of MAN ZAN BRAND PILE REMEDY.

INDIGESTION SUFFERERS!

This Powder is bringing new hope and health to thousands daily.

Happy indeed are the people who possess good digestion and a healthy appetite—Nature's two best gifts to mankind. They can face life's hardships with courage.

But the men and women condemned to suffer the pains of flatulence or palpitation, the agony of dyspepsia or gastritis, or perhaps with their life endangered by gastric ulcers, have the very foundations of their energy undermined.

To such people we do earnestly and conscientiously recommend a course of treatment with De Witt's Antacid Powder. This powder has been prepared to allay the dangers arising from sour stomach. It immediately relieves flatulence, burning pains and overcomes stomach disorders.

One of the most difficult things to maintain in the treatment of digestive troubles is the protection of the stomach walls. The inflamed stomach, which causes gastritis and dyspepsia, not only causes you intense pain, but continues to pour out increasing quantities of burning acids, still further irritating the raw surfaces. De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one ingredient which protects the stomach walls from these acids but does not hinder the work of digestion. In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a part of your food for you.

So start the return to health to-day—you will bless the day you first tried—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

1/6 of all Chemists. Double Size 2/6

Nature's way with all
GASTRIC
and DIGESTIVE troubles

DRUGS ARE USELESS

except as a temporary palliative. "Suntona" Wholemeal SLIPPERY ELM Food nourishes the body, whilst the fine, gelatinous slippery Elm Bark (*Ulmus Fulva*) acts as an "internal poultice," soothing the tender, delicate membranes of the intestine, sweetening the digestive tract, healing inflamed tissues, ulcers, piles, etc. It has prevented an appendicitis operation in many thousands of cases.

Readily digested, easily prepared and delicious in flavour, "Suntona" is the perfect diet for invalids and all stomach sufferers. Try this *natural* way to health to-day. 1 lb. 1/1 at Health Food Stores. Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc. Test sample 6d., with FREE 64 pp. book. "Nature's Healing Powers," from:

SUNTONA LTD., 80, EXCHANGE WALK, NOTTINGHAM.

Suntona
WHOLEMEAL SUPPERY ELM FOOD

DO YOU SUFFER?

Nature's own wonderful Remedies for
ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
BACKACHE
BLADDER TROUBLES
CATARRH
COUGHS
CHEST
CONSTIPATION
ECZEMA
HEADACHES
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
INDIGESTION
LUMBAGO
"NERVES"
PILES
RHEUMATISM
and other ailments.

FREE
Book on *Secret Herb Remedies* by Gypsy Petulengro, the Famous B.B.C. Romany, will be sent *Post Free*. Write to:
GYPSY PETULENGRO'S ROMANY REMEDIES Co. (Dept 17) Purewell, Hants

PETULENGRO'S
SECRET HERB REMEDIES

Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

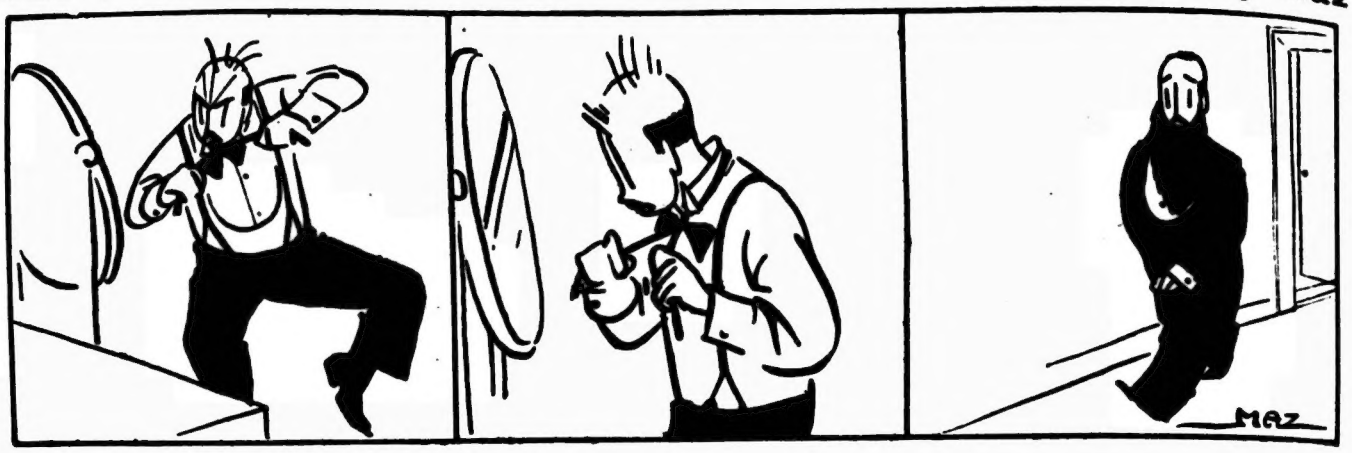
Thanks to the Prescription of a doctor, it now is possible to get rid of terrible choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by dissolving the true cause which is mucus or phlegm. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This prescription, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, removing the mucus cause of Asthma, also purifying the blood so that you can sleep soundly, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma and satisfy completely in 8 days or money back. Get Mendaco through Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any chemist to-day. The guarantee protects you.—[Advt.]

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

Dad . . . Ties knots — by Maz



"Bullets" Illustrated

Turning her Head—and Pram became "Ram"

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

MUSICIAN (Barnes).—"Some pianists are temperamental." And some pianos over-strung.

MRS. J. D. (Maidstone).—"He failed miserably in his examination on agriculture." Ploughed, eh?

T. A. (Hounslow).—"I have completely forgotten the name given to a man who makes money by running." Welsher.

S. L. (Brentford).—"The man who keeps a stiff upper lip is sure to succeed." Unless he is a radio announcer!

C. H. (Derby).—"As I am just ninety-three, do you think that I could take out an insurance?" Not on your life!

M. L. M. (Hadleigh).—"I am compelled to wear glasses all day long, so I expect you can guess how I look." Through them.

FARMER (Wickham).—"Hedgehogs are really very gentle creatures." All the same, it is not advisable to rub them up the wrong way.

GRETA (Chiswick). — "I hate my employer because he treats me so distantly and checks up on every penny of the firm's money I spend." Cold and calculating!

D. H. (Aldershot).—"Why is it that so few people seem to try to reach the top of the tree?" Perhaps they prefer to pay and see the match in comfort.

N. D. (Chelmsford).—"The girl over the way has brought home some lively young fellows. But wait till her father returns!" Then the sparks will fly.

G. F. (Frome).—"Is it true that the snail has hundreds of very small teeth?" Well, it generally moves about as if it were on its way to the dentist.

T. B. (Stevenage).—"I have just been admiring the work of an artist who possesses a wonderful imagination." We receive a lot of seed catalogues, too.

TOM J. (Saltcoats).—"I have been reading that the wife and children of an African chief pierce coins all day to make necklaces for him." Our family is continually making a hole in ours, too.

S. M. (Hampstead).—"We gave an all-night cocktail party in our house for charity, and what do you think it raised?" A storm of protest from the neighbours.

G. K. L. (Wolverhampton).—"Don't you agree that small boys who take up the violin are a positive nuisance?" Well, the first evening our neighbour's boy began practising, we spent a whole hour oiling the front gate!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"He always walks backwards; the bloke in front makes him feel hungry!"
—From "The Passing Show"

NEMO (Hereford).—"The galaxy of famous stage folk at the charity matinée fairly stunned me." You saw stars.

S. W. R. (Dundee).—"A bank manager's knowledge of human nature is not to be relied on." Inclined to be overdrawn.

O. S. G. (Hull).—"I dislike playing cards against a bad loser." Well, it's better than playing against a good winner.

TAILOR (London, E.).—"In our business we can usually tell a man's character by the manner in which he wears his clothes." You can soon size him up.

E. D. (Watford).—"As I bought the car from him for a mere song, I said nothing when I found there was no horn." You didn't give a hoot.

B. C. (Bristol).—"No housewife should allow work to bring her to skin and bone." Unless, of course, she is filleting fish.

P. K. (Hastings).—"If only we would try to put ourselves in the other person's place, we should get on much better." But not if it happens to be in a Cup-tie queue.

G. W. (Eltham).—"I am rather hard up and shall be glad if you can give me some idea of what I am likely to want for repairing my fence." A hammer and some nails.

PALMIST (Poole).—"By looking at your hand I can tell you what is going to happen." That's an improvement on bridge partners who tell us what should have happened.

P. G. (Daventry).—"What becomes of all those people who from time to time evolve original methods of spelling English?" Many of them seem to be employed as typists.

T. G. (Chelsea).—"What I should like to see on the stage at the present time is something that is alive, possesses a decided kick, and has good broad lines." Ah! A performing zebra.

S. F. (Iver).—"What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?" Don't bite them.

D. W. (Wembley).—"A vegetarian diet will ensure slimness and pink cheeks to all." What about elephants?

A. A. (Berwick).—"The salmon gave me an hour's fight." Your tin-opener was blunt, eh?

MRS. V. (Oldham).—"My daughter has now become accustomed to her work as a trapeze artist." She knows the ropes.

B. D. (Catford).—"My secretary said he was going in for the Fitness Campaign, and I have not seen him since." He skipped?

K. H. (Goole).—"The game of darts is now played in most public-houses and clubs." And in several post-offices, judging by the state of the pens.

WORKMAN (Leigh).—"I misunderstood his order and as a result worked all night when I could have been at home in bed." Labouring under a delusion, as it were.

J. G. (Grendon).—"Stay-in strikes are becoming much too frequent nowadays." So you've had to queue up outside the hotel bathroom, too?

L. M. (Ely).—"If you have a touch of the 'flu, what is better than the old-fashioned garlic and quinine remedy?" A touch of the 'flu.

L. N. (Devizes).—"I couldn't make head nor tail of the mysterious parcel I found, so in despair I took it to the police station." You gave it up.

M. B. T. (Gosport).—"You can't make bricks without straw." No, but you can lay the foundations of a home with a piece of paper cut from this week's JOHN BULL. Details on opposite page.

BOXER (London, S.E.).—"After issuing challenge after challenge, I eventually persuaded him to fight, and I won in the very first round." You got him into the ring at last and then promptly put him out.

T. O. (Richmond).—"I complained to the waiter that my steak was only half cooked, and told him I had a good mind to smash up every plate in the restaurant. Next time I go there, what do you think will be done?" The steak.

R. C. F. (Hounslow).—"Although I am seated on a chair all day, it is my experience that continual bending over an office desk lessens one's power of endurance." You mean the more you sit the less you can stand.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"We have found a home in Kersal Bank, which has a fine INTERRUPTED view over the racecourse . . ."

THE BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"At one place two CONSERVATIVES attached to adjoining premises were damaged . . ."

THE LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—". . . that for a long time honest traders had been disgusted at the actions of less UNSCRUPULOUS ones."

SUNDAY POST:—"He was dressed in utter simplicity, in a semi-FINAL military khaki outfit."

EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"It was only the INSANE and sound policy of the National Government . . ."

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—". . . they waited for the pass, a fatal procedure against a THICK-thinking team like Leicester."

THE DAILY MIRROR:—"Within half a minute the water in the RADIO of the dirt engine had frozen stiff."

GREAT NEW HOUSE PURCHASE OPPORTUNITY FOR BULLETEERS

£300 CASH AND £100 DEPOSIT ON THE HOME OF YOUR CHOICE

Many competitors could easily afford the purchase of a home of their own by small weekly instalments of 15s. to 20s. paid to a Building Society, instead of rent—if only they could afford the £50 to £100 ready money usually needed as a deposit. This great new House Purchase Offer will solve that problem for the sender of this week's best 'Bullet'. In addition to £300 cash a first deposit of £100 on any house will be provided by "John Bull"

PLUS £50 FOR MOVING EXPENSES AND EXTRA FURNITURE

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING SAT. FEB. 19

£50 £25 £15 £10 5 of £5 10 of £2 10

50 PRIZES OF 10/- 500 PRIZES OF 2/6

ADDED SURPRISE BONUSES ONE FOR EACH CASH WINNER

6,000 MYSTERY PRIZES EACH WITH £175 OFFER

LAY YOUR HOME'S FOUNDATION WITH A FEW SIMPLE WORDS!

HERE is another fine one-week *Bullets* Offer with 36 interesting *Examples*, any one of which may lead you to the lifelong joy of owning a home of your own.

Realising the house-purchase problems which prevent many readers from owning their own homes, JOHN BULL has arranged this week's *Bullets* Offer so that for the winner of this splendid prize all such difficulties will be swept away in a flash.

Enter the best *Bullet* of the week and, besides the £300 cash First Prize, a first deposit of £100 on any house will be paid for you by JOHN BULL, as well as an extra £50 for moving expenses and extra furniture.

This novel House Purchase First is followed by 6,569 other awards and every cash prize-winner will receive an entertaining new Surprise Bonus never previously offered in *Bullets*. All these prizes and bonuses must be won in this single week, but none of them can be yours unless your entry is received in time, so get busy on the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below.

THE WAY TO WIN

JOT down a few *Examples* which appeal to you particularly, and to each one add all the ideas it suggests.

Now a finished *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, MUST BE OPPOSED, you had scribbled down the rough note, *Opposition That Is Not Constructive*. From this you could easily arrive at the typical *Bullet*, MUST BE OPPOSED—"OPPOSITION" THAT *Only* OPPOSES.

Before commencing to make up your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,104th Contest which appear on this page.

On Friday, March 4, a golden Joy Wire will bring some "Bulleteer" congratulations on capturing this week's fine "House Purchase" First. If you want that exciting telegram, make sure that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, February 19.

"BULLETS" 1,104 RESULT

First Prize £505 Cash:

Mrs. J. SUTHERLAND, 46, Davie Park Place, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

Example: ON THE WORLD'S SCREEN
Bullet: "GOOD EARTH"—"THIN MAN."

SECOND PRIZE £55:

F. BARTLETT, 39, St. John's Wood Terrace, London, N.W.

Example: Smashing Everything
Bullet: Including Herod's "Record," Japan. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £30:

J. W. JOHNSTON, 34, Westbourne Avenue North, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example: Baby Wants
Bullet: Moon We Dreamed Under.

£5 PRIZE-WINNERS:

G. ATKINS, 39, Talgarth Road, London, W.
Without Hope—Barbers "Irrigate" My "Sahara."

R. BARRINGTON, 1, Redeross Street, Liverpool.
Mr. Muddler—"Bombs? Where's Their Ultimatum?"

E. BOXALL, Jacobs Cottages, Sedlescombe, Sussex.
Too High—Financier "Aimed"—Pound Shot. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. BURTON, 13, Tennyson Street, Lincoln.
If Only He'd Work—"Weariness" Vanishing—Sleeping Easier.

J. S. BYROM, 17, Whitelegge Street, Bury.
Gap In The Defence—Over Our Bodies? Overhead!

C. CHAPMAN, 16, Waverley Way, Carshalton, Surrey.
Gave Me A Lift—Sons I "Plodded" For.

Miss A. E. CHERRETT, 33, St. Mark's Road, Bournemouth.
Shows He's A Man—Promoted "Sonny" Over Son.

G. CLARK, 57, Rochdale Road, Manchester.
Bond Of Friendship—And Sonny's Eye, "Sealed."

Mrs. D. M. COOMBES, 42, The Hollows, Wilton, Salisbury.
Made Sonny See Red—Homework's Essay, "Enjoying Leisure"!

C. E. EASTON, 8a, Richmond Road, Southsea.
If Britain Declared War—Every "Way Out" Blocked. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. GREGORY, 5, Calverley Avenue, Manchester.
Way To Do Things—Father's? Mother's? Teacher's? Puzzling!

H. HUGHES, 2, The Square, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.
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E. PETTY, 18, The Crescent, Bolton-on-Dearne, Yorks.
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W. E. PLATT, 24, Kingswood Avenue, Liverpool.
Pitmen Wins, So—Get That Milk "Down"! (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

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Special Invitation ★ TO NEW READERS

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May we send you a complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S weekly *Bullets Bulletin*, the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to *Bulletin* Dept., 36, Bedford Street, W.C.2. (OR ENCLOSE WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY).

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PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

LOVE'S AWAKENING
MUST BE OPPOSED
WHEN BRITANNIA PROPOSES
"NOT ANOTHER PENNY!"
OUT WENT THE LIFEBOAT AND
MOTHER'S ILL, SO
BUILDING THEIR NEST
WITH A HUNTED LOOK
ACCORDING TO THE NEIGHBOURS
ON THE WAY BACK
ANOTHER LITTLE ONE

CHEAP LABOUR
MODEST VIOLET
ALL I'VE LEFT
FLAPDOODLE
IN HIS WISDOM
GETS GRANDPA
HER CAREER
FOLLOWING HIM
MAKES ME REBEL
NEEDED LATER
PRESENCE OF MIND

WORTH ADVERTISING
THREW UP THE SPONGE
WHEN HE WASN'T LOOKING
TO HENPECK'S DISMAY
SCHOOLMISTRESS NATURE
OUGHT TO DO WELL
NOW SONNY'S A CHOIR-BOY
FRESH AS A DAISY
WHEN DAD TRIED PAINTING
PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 19.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 19.

P.O. No. .....

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Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 19.

P.O. No. .....

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Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,103 will be displayed in the window of Mr. V. Greenwood, 1, Major Street, Halifax Road, Todmorden.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,103 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets," No. 1,103, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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(15) Lumbago
(16) Sciatic Pains
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(19) **RUN-DOWN CONDITION**
(20) Low Vitality
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(27) **INFLUENZA**
(28) Colds
(29) Chills
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(32) Dizziness
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(46) Poorness of Blood
(47) Chronic Tiredness
(48) Debility

(49) **FEELING OF "AGE"**
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(51) Lack of Enthusiasm
(52) Feeling of Impending Collapse
(53) **SKIN ERUPTIONS**
(54) Pimples
(55) Boils
(56) Carbuncles
(57) Facial Blemishes
(58) **GENERAL HEALTH BREAKDOWN**
(59) Functional Irregularity
(60) Distaste for Food
(61) Body Pains
(62) **BRAIN-FAG**
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(66) **NEURASTHENIA**
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